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THE  
*MONTHLY VISITOR.*

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SEPTEMBER, 1799.

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MEMOIRS

OF HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK,  
FIELD MARSHAL, COMMANDER IN CHIEF  
OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES, &c.

IN the course of our Periodical labours, we have been called upon to record the exploits of many a brave foldier, who has devoted his life to the service of his country. We now wish to turn the attention of the reader to an officer of the first eminence in his profession, whose military skill we admire, and whose unceasing activity entitles him to our approbation. His recent embarkation for the continent, in order to assist in the reduction of Holland, has engaged general notice, and raised high expectations respecting the success of that undertaking.

FREDERIC DUKE OF YORK, the second son of their present Majesties, was born August 16, 1763. He was first placed, at a proper age, under the tuition of the bishop of Chester, now archbishop of York—then under Dr. Richard Hurd, an accomplished classical scholar, and, at present, bishop of Worcester. With such advantages his understanding must have been considerably improved; and he had the opportunity of enriching his mind with stores of information.

In

In 1767, after the death of his great uncle, the duke of Cumberland, he was appointed Grand Master and First Knight Companion of the Bath ; but on account of his youth, was not installed till the year 1772. The order of the garter was, on the preceding year, conferred upon him.

His predilection for a military life soon displayed itself, and he accordingly received a commission in the Guards. In the year 1780 he had attained to the rank of colonel in the army. After this period he visited the continent, and was introduced to the famous king of Prussia, who afterwards declared to Zimmerman, his physician, that he was well pleased with the interview.

In the year 1784 he returned home, having come of age, and was appointed Colonel of the Coldstream regiment of Guards. He was also created a peer of the realm, by the title of Duke of York and Albany, and Earl of Ulster, in the kingdom of Ireland. Nor was it long before he again visited the continent, though his stay was short ; and, upon his return, he had a household established.

His first speech in the house of lords was at the time of the Regency, and it imparted a favourable opinion of his talents. The recovery of the King terminated the affair of the Regency, which was likely to involve the nation in some troublesome discussions.

Much about this period the famous duel occurred between his Royal Highness and Colonel Lennox, nephew to the duke of Richmond. It related to some affair at Daubigny's, where a club met ; and the business, even to this day, remains involved in a degree of obscurity. The contest, however, was likely to have proved of a very serious nature. They met on Wimbledon Common, and had for their seconds persons of distinction. The Duke engaged lord Rawdon, now earl of Moira ; Colonel Lennox had with him lord Winchelsea. The Duke had one of his curls either grazed or entirely shot off ; so that it may be termed an hair-breadth's escape !

Happily

Happily the altercation ended here, both parties declared themselves perfectly satisfied. How much is it to be regretted, that the barbarous custom of duelling should be endured in a country which boasts of the refinements of civilization and the blessings of religion ! This mode of terminating disputes originated in the *gothic* times—and with Goths and Vandals should it have remained. The brave Colonel Gardener, who was killed by the rebels, at Preston Pans, September 1745, had a challenge sent him, but nobly refused it. His answer was, “ that he was afraid to *sin* but not to fight.” Such a glorious resolution would have happily settled many a dispute, saved the shedding of human blood, and would have continued in life many a valuable member of society.

In the year 1791 the subject of our Memoir entered into the matrimonial state. He espoused the princess Frederica Charlotta Ulrica Catharina, daughter of the late king of Prussia. He had seen this amiable and accomplished lady in his former travels on the continent, and without flattery, it may be added, that the wisdom of his choice has been confirmed by the display of all those virtues which can adorn her exalted station. She is known to visit the humble cottage—to alleviate the toils of the laborious peasant, and to bind up the broken heart of suffering humanity. We notice, with pleasure, these engaging traits of her character, because such divine exertions alone constitute true nobility. It is not the gaudy trappings of wealth, nor the boisterous bustle of power, that can command real admiration. The multitude, indeed, will gaze upon them, and be gratified with their coarse sensations. But the enlightened and upright mind delights in the more substantial acts of lessening the sphere of human misery, and of augmenting the stock of private and public felicity.

At the commencement of the present war his Royal Highness was appointed a general in the army, and soon went over to the continent to serve under Prince de

Coburg, as commander of the English and Hanoverian troops. Having drove the enemy from their strong encampment at Femars, the siege of Valenciennes began—was conducted with great vigour, and ended successfully. The batteries were opened on the 18th of June 1793, and on the 28th of July the city capitulated. The defence of the besieged was obstinate—an immense quantity of shells and bombs were thrown into it, and the unfortunate town was almost entirely reduced to ashes. About 1,300 men of the besiegers were among the killed and wounded; and, of the besieged, 9,711 men laid down their arms on this memorable occasion. *Valenciennes* is an ancient, strong, and considerable town in the French Netherlands. The fortifications were constructed by the celebrated Vauban, and were, therefore, in high estimation. It is seated on the river Scheld, which not only divides it into two parts, but almost runs round it, making it a kind of island.

Elated with this success, the allied army divided itself, and the Duke proceeded to attack Dunkirk. But here the troops failed in accomplishing their purpose. The French gaining early intelligence, so attacked them, that it has been said had Houchard followed up his victory, the British army would have been destroyed. The Duke himself narrowly escaped; he literally fled for his life. Such is the various fortune of war—to-day victorious—to-morrow at the mercy of the enemy!

In the course of the campaign the English behaved with great bravery; and his Royal Highness observing that the Austrians neglected their wounded enemies, remonstrated with them, so as to procure an amendment of their situation. How highly commendatory are such traits in those elevated situations!

At the close of the year the Duke visited England, and early in the ensuing spring returned to the continent. But after a variety of manœuvres with respect to him and the enemy, he relinquished his command, and chose



chose to repose himself in the bosom of his native country.

In the year 1795 he was elevated to the rank of Field Marshal, and afterwards constituted Commander in Chief of the British army. This latter promotion took place at the death of Lord Amherst, who attained to great celebrity in the military profession. His Royal Highness's assiduity in his present high station, is known to all; and it is equally certain that, in the army, he has made many considerable improvements.

In the present Expedition, in which his Royal Highness has now taken a distinguished part, we must expect to meet with a vigorous opposition. The French, it is known, are tenacious of their conquests; and the Hollanders who have joined themselves to that party, will not easily relinquish the power they have obtained.—Terrible will be the conflict, and important the issue.

It is a little remarkable, that about this time last century, the Stadtholder nobly came over to defend *our* liberties; and we are now engaged in restoring the same chief magistrate to the throne of *his* ancestors. Every thing will be done which British valour can effect. The fleet of the enemy, indeed, is already in our hands, and their Territory, *may* soon fall into our possession.

## GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXXIII.]

## MUMBO JUMBO.

MR. Park tells us, in his Travels through Africa, that he saw, near one of their villages, "a sort of masquerade habit hanging upon a tree, made of the bark of trees, which he was told belonged to MUMBO JUMBO. This is a strange bug-bear, common in all the Mandingo towns, and employed by the Pagan natives in keeping the women *in subjection*; for as they are not restricted in the number of their wives, every one marries as many as he can conveniently maintain; and it often happens that the ladies disagree among themselves: family quarrels sometimes arrive at such a height, that the voice of the husband is disregarded in the tumult. Then the interposition of MUMBO JUMBO is invoked, and is always decisive. This strange minister of justice, this sovereign arbiter of domestic strife, disguised in his masquerade attire, and armed with the rod of public authority, announces his coming by loud and dismal screams in the adjacent woods. He begins, as soon as it is dark, to enter the town, and proceeds to a place where all the inhabitants are assembled to meet him. The appearance of MUMBO JUMBO, it may be supposed, is unpleasing to the African ladies, but they do not refuse to appear when summoned; and the ceremony commences with dancing and singing, which continues till midnight, when MUMBO seizes on the offender. The unfortunate victim being stripped naked, is tied to a post and severely scourged with MUMBO's rod, amidst the shouts and derision of the whole assembly; and it is remarkable, that the rest of the women are very clamorous and outrageous in their abuse of their unfortunate sister,

sister, until day-light puts an end to this disgusting revelry \*."

RACINE, BOILEAU, AND POPE.

NATURE, says Lord Orford, that produces samples of all qualities, and in the scale of gradation, exhibits all possible shades, affords us types that are more apposite than words. The eagle is sublime, the lion majestic, the swan graceful, the monkey pert, and the bear ridiculously awkward. I mention these as more expressive than I could make definitions of my meaning; but I will only apply the swan, under whose wings I will shelter an apology for *Racine*, whose pieces give me the idea of that bird. The colouring of the swan is pure, his attitudes are graceful, he never displeases you when sailing on his proper element. His feet are ugly, his walk not natural; he can soar, but it is with difficulty. Still the impression a swan leaves is that of *grace*.—So does *Racine*.

Boileau may be compared to a dog, whose sagacity is remarkable, as well as its fawning on its master, and its snarling at those he dislikes. If Boileau was too stern to admit the pliancy of grace, he compensates by good sense and propriety. He is like, for I will drop animals, an upright magistrate, whom you respect, but whose public justice and severity leave an awe that discourages familiarity. His copies of the ancients may be too servile; but if a good translator deserves praise, Boileau deserves more; he certainly does not fall below his originals, and, considering when he wrote, has a greater merit still. By his imitations, he held out to his countrymen models of taste, and banished totally the bad taste of his predecessors. For his *Lutrin*, replete with excellent poetry, wit, humour, and satire, he certainly was not obliged to the ancients. Except Horace, how

\* For a further account of African manners, we refer the reader to a long and interesting extract in this Month's *Review*.

little idea had either the Greeks or Romans of wit and humour! Aristophanes and Lucian, compared with the moderns, were, the one a blackguard, the other a buffoon. To my eyes, the *Lutrin*, the *Dispensary*, and the *Rape of the Lock*, are standards of elegance and grace not to be paralleled by antiquity, and are eternal and mortifying reproaches to Voltaire, whose indelicacy in the *Pucelle*, degraded him as much, when compared with the three authors I have named, as his *Henriade* leaves Virgil, and even Lucan, whom he more resembles, by far his superiors. The *Dunciad* is dishonoured by the offensive images of the games; but the poetry appears to me admirable, and though the fourth book has obscurities, I prefer it to the *three* others. It has descriptions not to be surpassed by any poet that ever existed, and which, surely, a writer merely ingenious, will never equal. The lines on Italy, on Venice, on Convents, have all that *grace* for which I contend, as an ingredient distinct from the general beauties allotted to poetry; and the *Rape of the Lock*, besides the originality of the invention, is a standard of graceful writing. In general, I believe what I call *grace* is denominated *elegance*; but I think *grace* is something higher. I will explain myself by instances rather than by words. Apollo is *graceful*—Mercury *elegant*.

#### LOCKE

HUMOROUSLY describes the misery of the school-boy who is to write a theme, and having nothing to say, goes about with the usual petition, in these cases, to his companions—"Pray give me a *little sense*?"

#### ENGLISH STYLE.

DR. JOHNSON says, that whoever would acquire a pure English style, must give his days and nights to Addison. We do not, however, feel this exclusive preference for Addison's melodious periods: his page is ever elegant, but sometimes it is too diffuse. Hume,  
Blackstone,

Blackstone, and Smith, have a proper degree of strength and energy combined with their elegance. Gibbon says that the perfect composition and well-turned periods of Dr. Robertson, excited his hopes that he might one day become his equal in writing; but "the calm philosophy, the careless inimitable beauties of his friend and rival Hume, often forced me to close the volume with a mixed sensation of delight and despair." From this testimony we may judge, that a *simple style* appears, to the best judges, to be the more difficult to obtain, and more desirable than that highly ornamented diction to which writers of inferior taste aspire. Gibbon tells us with great candour, that his friend Hume advised him to beware of the rhetorical style of French eloquence. Hume, observed that the English language and English taste do not admit of this profusion of ornament.

## MADAM ROLAND,

WHEN she was led to execution, exclaimed, as she passed the statue of liberty! "Oh liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

## COMPANY AND BOOKS.

FORMERLY it was wisely said, "Tell me what company a man keeps, and I will tell you what he is;" but since literature has spread a new influence over the world, we must add, "Tell me what company he has kept, and what books he has read, and I will tell you what he is."

## ARCHBISHOP BECKET.

HE was archbishop of Canterbury and lord Chancellor in the reign of Henry II. Before he was raised to the see of Canterbury, he was a very supple courtier, and conformed himself in every thing to the humour of the king. But after he was made archbishop, he occasioned much disturbance by his pride, insolence, and  
turbulency,

turbulency, under the pretence of preserving the rights, privileges, and immunities of the church. In the year 1171, four persons murdered him in the cathedral church of Canterbury, by which action they hoped to make their court to the King, to whom Becket had given great trouble and vexation. In 1173 Becket was canonised, by virtue of a bull from the Pope. In 1221 his body was taken up in the presence of king Henry the Third, and several nobility, and deposited in a rich shrine, on the east side of the church. The miracles said to be wrought at his tomb were so numerous, that we are told two large volumes of them were kept in Canterbury church. His character, however, was thought so ambiguous by some, even among the Catholics themselves, that some time after Becket's death, it was publicly debated in the university of Paris, "Whether the soul of Becket was in heaven or in hell?" It must, however, be at least acknowledged, that St. Thomas of Canterbury, was a saint of great fame and reputation. For his shrine was visited from all parts, and enriched with the most costly gifts and offerings. In one year it is said that no less than 100,000 came to visit his shrine. And we may form some judgment of the veneration which was paid to his memory, by the account given of the offerings made to the three greatest altars in Christ Church, which stood thus for one year :

	£.	s.	d.
At Christ's altar . . . . .	3	2	6
At the blessed Virgin's . . . .	63	5	6
At Becket's . . . . .	832	12	6

But the following year, when probably the Saint's character was still more established in the world, the odds were greater, and St. Thomas carried all before him. The account was thus:

	£.	s.	d.
At Christ's Altar . . . . .	—	—	—
At the Virgin's . . . . .	4	1	8
At Becket's . . . . .	954	6	3

## THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXI.]

## THE PASTORAL POETRY OF THEOCRITUS.

The *pastoral* which sings of happy swains,  
 And harmless nymphs, that haunts the woods and  
     plains,  
 Should thro' the whole discover everywhere,  
 Their old *simplicity* and pious air;  
 And in the characters of *maids* and *youth*,  
 Unpractis'd plainness, innocence, and truth.  
 Each pastoral a little plot must own,  
 Which as it must be *simple* must be *one*,  
 With small digressions it will yet dispense,  
 Nor needs it always allegoric sense;  
 Its *style* must still be natural and clear,  
 And elegance in ev'ry part appear:  
 Its humble method nothing has of *fierce*,  
 But hates the ratt'ling of a lofty verse;  
 With *native* beauty pleases and excites,  
 And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights!

ANON.

THE nature of pastoral poetry was explained and discussed in our Number for February last, when the *Eclogues* of *Virgil* became the topic of examination. We then specified the subjects best fitted for this kind of poetry, and expatiated on the advantages of which it is almost exclusively possessed. But in considering the *Eclogues*, it was impossible not to refer the reader to the productions of THEOCRITUS, who is by way of eminence stiled the Father of Pastoral Poetry. We shall now, therefore, bring forward a few biographical particulars respecting this great man, and transcribe a few illustrative passages from his works, which have deservedly attracted the attention of mankind. We are naturally anxious to become acquainted with that species of poetry which has imparted no small degree

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gree of gratification to minds endued with genuine sensibility.

THEOCRITUS was by birth a *Syracusan*, being born at Syracuse in Sicily ; but of his parents little is known. He addressed one of his poems to Hiero, King of Syracuse, who reigned about 275 years before Christ. Hiero, though a famous prince, yet seems to have shewn no great affection for letters. This is supposed to have been the occasion of THEOCRITUS' 16th Idyllium, inscribed with the monarch's name, where the poet asserts the dignity of his profession, laments his poor encouragement, and insinuates to the Prince what a brave figure he would have made in verse, had he been as good a patron as he was a subject to the muses ! This coldness and neglect induced THEOCRITUS soon after to leave Sicily for the Egyptian court, where King Ptolemy then sat supreme president of arts and wit. Patronised by this monarch, the poet has handsomely panegyrised him, in which, among other things, he extols his generous encouragement both of learning and ingenuity.

Of this delightful son of the muses no further account can be drawn from his works, or indeed from any other records with which later ages have been furnished ? Too often are we left to gather, very imperfectly, the particulars of an eminent man's life from scattered and unconnected passages of his own productions.—Thus it is with great difficulty that we are capable of learning any thing sufficiently decisive to gratify the curiosity.

It has been, indeed, conjectured, that Theocritus suffered a violent death, arising from the indignation of a certain monarch, whom he had by his strains offended. In this idea, however, we have reason to believe that the learned have been mistaken. With much greater probability it is supposed, that Theocritus, the *rhetorician*, not the poet, fell by the hands of the executioner. Theocritus, the rhetorician, had been guilty of some crime against King Antigonus, who, it seems, had



*one eye only* ; but being assured by his friends that he should certainly obtain a pardon as soon as he should appear to his majesty's *eyes*—"Nay then," cried he, "I am indisputably a dead man, if *those* be the conditions!"

The compositions of this poet are distinguished among the ancients by the name of *Idyllia*, or *Idylls*, in order to express the smallness and variety of their natures. His works, in the language of modern times, would have been entitled miscellanies, or poems on several occasions.

The *nine first* and *eleventh* of his *Idyllia*, are true pastorals ; and the other poems are full of merit. To the former, however, we shall confine ourselves ; and the *third* Idyll will afford us several beautiful passages for the illustration of pastoral poetry. To persons who have no taste for rural personages and scenes, they will not perceive and relish the beauty of THEOCRITUS, whose great art is to introduce you into the country, and to entertain you with the objects by which you are there surrounded. This *third* Idyll is usually brought forward by way of specimen ; for it is characterized by ease and simplicity. The subject is love, ever welcome to the youthful heart.

To Amaryllis, lovely nymph, I speed,  
 Meanwhile my goats upon the mountains feed :  
 O Tityrus ! tend them with assiduous care,  
 Lead them to crystal springs and pastures fair,  
 And of the ridg'ling's butting horns beware. }  
 I, whom you call'd *your dear, your love*, so late,  
 Say, am I now the object of your hate ?  
 Say, is my form displeasing to your sight ?  
 This cruel love will surely kill me quite.  
 Lo ! ten large apples, tempting to the view,  
 Pluck'd from your fav'rite tree, where late they grew :  
 Accept this boon, 'tis all my present store,  
 To-morrow will produce as many more."

After this tender expostulation, succeeds a pathetic description

description of the pangs of love ; a poet who has so well delineated them, must have felt the passion.

Meanwhile these heart-consuming pains remove,  
 And give me gentle pity for my love.  
 Oh ! was I made by some transforming power  
 A bee—to buz in your sequester'd bow'r,  
 To pierce your ivy shade with murm'ring sound,  
 And the light leaves that compass you around.  
 I know thee, love ! and to my sorrow find  
 A god thou art, but of the savage kind :  
 A lioness sure suckl'd the fell child,  
 And, with his brothers, nurs'd him in the wild ;  
 On me his scorching flames incessant prey,  
 Glow in my bones, and melt my soul away !  
 Ah ! nymph, whose eyes destructive glances dart,  
 Fair is your face but flinty is your heart ;  
 Your scorn distracts me, and will make me tear  
 The flow'ry crown I wove for you to wear,  
 Where roses mingle with the ivy-wreath,  
 And fragrant herbs ambrosial odours breathe.  
 Ah me ! what pangs I feel, and yet the fair,  
 Nor sees my sorrows, nor will hear my pray'r.  
 I'll doff my garments since I needs must die,  
 And from yon rock, that points its summit high,  
 Where patient Alpis snares the finny fry,  
 I'll leap—and tho' perchance I rise again,  
 You'll laugh to see me plunging in the main.

The poet then proceeds to enumerate various omens, to which we know the ancients were greatly attached, and in which they implicitly confided :

By a prophetic poppy-leaf I found  
 You chang'd affection, for it gave no sound,  
 Though in my hand, struck hollow as it lay,  
 But quickly wither'd like your love away :  
 An old witch brought sad tidings to my ears,  
 She who tells fortunes with the sieve and shears ;  
 For leasing barley in my fields of late,  
 She told me *I* should love and *you* should hate !  
 For you, my care a milk-white goat supply'd,  
 Two wanton kids run frisking at her side,

Which

Which oft the nut-brown maid, Erithacis,  
 Has begg'd, and paid before-hand, with a kiss;  
 And since you thus my ardent passion flight,  
 Her's they shall be before to-morrow night.  
 My right eye itches—may it lucky prove,  
 Perhaps I soon shall see the nymph I love;  
 Beneath yon pine I'll sing distinct and clear,  
 Perhaps the fair my tender notes shall hear;  
 Perhaps may pity my melodious moan—  
 She is not metamorphos'd into stone!

The conclusion of the *Idyll* is in the true language of a despairing lover *ready to give up the ghost*.

My head grows giddy—love affects me sore,  
 Yet you regard not—so I'll sing no more;  
 Here will I put a period to my care—  
 Adieu, false nymph! adieu, ungrateful fair!  
 Stretch'd near the grotto, when I've breath'd my last  
 My corse will give the wolves a sweet repast,  
 As sweet to them as honey to your taste!

The *ease* and *simplicity* of these several passages are discernible by every reader. These are the traits of the Sicilian muse, and for these uncommon tokens of excellence have her strains been uniformly distinguished.

We shall close this brief sketch of THEOCRITUS in the words of the editors of the New Biographical Dictionary—"His Pastorals, doubtless, ought to be considered as the foundation of his credit; upon this claim he will be admitted for the finisher as well as the inventor of his art, and will be acknowledged to have exceeded all his imitators, as much as originals usually do their copies. He has the same advantage in the pastoral, as Homer had in the epic poesy; and that was to make the critics turn his practice into permanent rules, and to measure nature herself by his accomplished model. THEOCRITUS writes in the Doric dialect, which was very proper for his shepherds."

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“His rustic and pastoral muse,” says Quintilian, “dreads not only the forum but even the city.” The critic, however, did not mean any reproach to THEOCRITUS, as some have foolishly construed, for he was too good a judge of propriety. He knew that *this* did not hinder the poet from being *admirable* in his way, “*admirabilis in suo genere*,” as he expressly calls him in the same sentence; nay, he knew that he could not have been admirable without this rusticity, and would certainly have thought very meanly of most modern pastorals, where shepherds and country louts hold insipid conversation with the affectation of delicacy and refinement.”

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AN

## EXCURSION INTO THE WEST OF ENGLAND,

DURING THE MONTH OF JULY, 1799.

IN

## FOUR LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

BY THE REV. JOHN EVANS, A. M.

## LETTER I.

DEAR SIR,

**A** GREEABLE to your request I sit down to give you a plain narrative of the incidents of my journey into the West; at least I shall notice those things which appear most worthy of attention. Your never having visited this part of Britain, will induce me to enter into a detail which, otherwise, might have been deemed unnecessary. Travelling, during the summer season, has lately become a fashionable amusement. However laborious such excursions may prove, yet, in our beloved island, its scenery in general affords a rich repast to the imagination. To the tourist, indeed, the

*West*

*West of England* has been long a subject of panegyric, and justice demands from me the declaration, that my expectations were not disappointed. I beheld many of its views, and gazed upon many of its select spots with admiration :

“ In England’s happy isle we see display’d  
The charms of nature and the force of art,  
Our hills and dales with verdure all array’d,  
All that can please the eye or cheer the heart !”

In this letter I shall include my route to *Sidmouth*, specifying the towns through which I passed, and noticing what may be thought most remarkable respecting them.

I left London on Tuesday, July 9, in a post-chaise, accompanied by an intelligent friend, who once resided in the *West of England*, and to whom, therefore, I am indebted for many pleasing articles of information. After passing through the populous villages of Knightbridge, Kensington, Hammer-smith, and Turnham-green, we came to *Brentford*, the county town for Middlesex. Here, therefore, elections are held, and this was, of course, the spot where the turbulent business of John Wilkes was transacted. The town itself has been long famous for its length and filth, which Thomson, in his *Castle of Indolence*, has thus humorously recorded :

“ Behold, through *Brentford* town, a town of mud,  
An herd of bristly swine is prick’d along !  
The filthy beasts that never chew the cud,  
Still grunt and squeak, and sing their troublous song,  
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among ;  
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,  
And ay of barking dogs, the bitter throng  
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan,  
Ne never find they rest from their unresting sone.”

A little

A little beyond *Brentford*, on the left, the entrance into the Duke of Northumberland's park, makes a magnificent appearance, adorned with a lion, sphinxes, and other sculptured embellishments. *Sion House*, within the park, is not seen from the road. It is a plain antique structure, chiefly remarkable for its great gallery, which extends the whole length of the east front, over the arcades. There is also an immense quantity of old china vases, of different forms and sizes, crowded together in almost every apartment; and the *Pedigree picture* here is one of the greatest curiosities of its kind in England, exhibiting the noble and royal connections of the *Percies*, all which are now united in the present Dukes of Northumberland.

On the right, before we entered *Hounslow*, is the seat of *Sir Joseph Banks*; a neat mansion, with considerable gardens, where curious plants are reared with great care and assiduity. The learned proprietor accompanied Captain Cook round the world, is now President of the Royal Society, and has long been distinguished for his extensive researches into every branch of knowledge connected with natural history.

At *Hounslow* we just stopped to change horses, and then set off over the dreary heath, on which has been committed many a depredation. Of late years the traveller has met with fewer interruptions, though still we hear, not unfrequently, of robberies in that quarter during the winter season of the year; a recent proof of which is exhibited by a new gibbet, erected not far from Belfont, on which we saw suspended the body of *Haines*, generally known by the designation of the wounded Highwayman. He was, apparently, a large tall man; his irons were so constructed that his arms hung at some little distance from his body, by which means the hideous sight was rendered more terrific and impressive. The skirts of his coat waved in the wind, and, together with other parts of his appearance, suggested,

gested, with full force, the horrible idea of a fellow-creature deprived of the decent honours of sepulture, and consigned, with every mark of execration, to the grinning scorn of public infamy. The heath, about fifty years ago, used to be decorated with a long range of gibbets; but the Royal Family, frequently passing and re-passing to Windsor, occasioned their removal, and no renewal of them has been attempted.

Around the extremities of the heath are scattered a few pleasant *cottages*, where, secluded from the bustle of the adjacent metropolis, their peaceful inhabitants enjoy all the advantages of retirement. At one of these little mansions I have, occasionally, passed many agreeable hours—"Teaching the young idea how to shoot," and witnessing the pleasures of domestic tranquillity.

We soon reached Staines, a pleasant town, seventeen miles from London. It derives its name from the Saxon word *stana*, which signifies a *stone*, and was applied to this place from a boundary stone, anciently set up here to mark the extent of the city of London's jurisdiction upon the Thames. The church stands alone, almost half a mile from the town. On the south-east side of Staines lies *Runnymede*, the celebrated spot on which King John was compelled by his barons to sign the famous charter of English liberties, styled *Magna Charta*:

— "Near Thames' silver waters lies a mead;  
Where England's barons, bold in freedom's cause,  
Compell'd her king to ratify her laws:  
With constancy maintain'd the subjects' right,  
And serv'd a sov'reign in his own despite.  
On that fam'd mead their honest claims to seal,  
They risk'd their private for the public weal;  
Bravely resolv'd to make the tyrant yield,  
Or die like heroes on the glorious field.

Hume has thus briefly recorded the transaction—  
"A conference between king John and the Barons was  
appointed,

appointed, 15th June, 1215, at Runnymede, between Windsor and Staines; *a place which has ever since been extremely celebrated on account of this great event.* The two parties encamped apart, like open enemies, and, after a debate for a few days (19th June) the King, with a facility somewhat suspicious, signed and sealed the charter which was required of him. This famous deed, commonly called the GREAT CHARTER, either granted or secured very important liberties and privileges to every order of men in the kingdom." Mr. Hume then enters into curious particulars respecting the contents of this charter—as it regarded the clergy, the barons, and the people. It is an interesting detail, in which the happiness and welfare of every British subject are involved.

At the British Museum I lately was shewn what is said to be the very copy of the charter signed on this memorable occasion. It bore all the marks of antiquity, and being much injured by the ravages of time, a *fac-simile* laid close to it by way of interpretation.

Near Staines stands *Egham*, famous for its races, at the distance of four miles from Windsor. It abounds with inns, being a thoroughfare into the West, and has an handsome charity school. Here are also alms-houses, one of which was built, and is endowed by sir John Denham, a Baron of the Exchequer in the reign of Charles the Second, for five poor old women, who have each a little orchard to themselves. This Sir John, was the father of Denham the poet, who took particular delight in this spot. He immortalized himself by a poem, entitled *Cooper's Hill*, in which the River Thames is thus expressively characterized :

"O ! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme !  
Though deep, yet clear—though gentle, yet not dull,  
Strong without rage—without o'er-flowing full."

From



From Egham we came to *Bagshot*, passing over a long and dreary heath, remarkable only for the roads by which it is everywhere intersected, and which were made for the convenience of his Majesty, when he indulges himself in the pleasures of the chace. At first sight they make a singular appearance, but are, certainly, well calculated to answer the ends for which they are intended. These parts lying in the vicinity of Windfor, accounts for the purposes to which they are frequently appropriated. Bagshot affords good accommodation to travellers. The sterile tract of country with which it is surrounded, seems scarcely capable of much improvement.

Having drank tea at our next stage, *Murrel's Green*, only a single inn, with a pleasant garden, we got to *Basingstoke* before ten, where we slept that night. The town was in a bustle with soldiers, who were directing their course to Southampton, with the intent of joining the Secret Expedition. This is a large populous place, with three charity schools, in one of which twelve boys are maintained by the Skinner's Company, in London. It has a great market for corn, especially barley, and a considerable trade in malt. The chief manufacture is in druggets and shalloons. A fine brook runs by the town, which abounds with trout; for which, indeed, the Hampshire streams have been long famous. Into these delightful waters, whose transparency and rapidity please the eye even of the passing traveller, I longed to throw my angle—

“ I in these flowery meads would be,  
These chrystal streams should solace me,  
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,  
I with my angle would rejoice.”

In the neighbourhood of Basingstoke, there was, formerly, a seat of John Marquis of Winchester, which in the great civil wars was turned into a fortress for the King, and held out a long time, to the great annoyance of  
of

of the Parliament army; at length Cromwell took it by storm, and provoked by the obstinacy of its defence, put many of the garrison to the sword, and burnt the house to the ground. It was, we are told, a mansion fitter for a prince than a subject; and, among other furniture destroyed with it, there was one bed worth 1,400*l.* yet so considerable was the plunder, that a private soldier got for his share no less a sum than 300*l.* The fury of civil wars is well known, and, therefore, its outrages excite little astonishment.

The next morning we were seated in our chaise before five, and soon got to *Andover*, a large pleasant town, on the edge of the downs, for which Wiltshire stands distinguished. It is said to have its first charter from king John, and was last incorporated by queen Elizabeth. I could not help remarking, that at the inn in this place, an engraving of *Duns Scotus* was placed over the bar, where the liquors were mixed for their customers. Whether the effigy of this profound and *subtle doctor*, was thought necessary for the due mixture of the ingredients, or whether this grave metaphysician ever indulged in such delicious draughts, I am not able to say. The walls of colleges are, sometimes, decorated with his portrait; but I should never have expected to have caught his features in the bar of a tavern\*.

\* This curious character, *Duns Scotus*, was of the order of St. Francis; by the acuteness of his parts, and especially by his manner of disputing, he acquired the name of the *Subtil Doctor*. He was very zealous in opposing the opinions of Thomas Aquinas, which produced two parties in the schools, the Thomists and the Scotists. He was a writer of prodigious subtilty, and, like all subtle writers, refined upon every subject he handled, till it had *no meaning* at all left in it. This indefatigable scribbler left behind him *ten* volumes in *folio*—now mere waste paper. He died 1308, at Cologne, in Germany. *Biographical Dictionary.*

On

On the west side of Andover lies *Weyhill*, remarkable for one of the greatest fairs for hats, cheese, and sheep, in England. It is, however, only a village, containing a desolate church, on a rising hill, and a few straggling houses.

From Andover we directed our course to *Salisbury*, where we arrived to breakfast. This city, and its adjoining plains, will be noticed in a future letter; since, upon our return only, they became the subjects of examination. It may be proper, however, just to remark, that the very appearance of this place conveys an idea of respectability, and its lofty spire demands universal admiration.

*Blandford*, in Dorsetshire, was our next place of destination. It lies upon the Stour, at the distance of 107 miles from London. Twice has it been burnt down by accident; *first* in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and the second time in the year 1731, when the fire raged so violently, that few of the people saved any of their goods. It most unfortunately happened, at this last conflagration, that the inhabitants were afflicted with that scourge to humanity, the small-pox, so that many of the sick were carried from amidst the flames into the fields, where they expired. The town, however, was soon re-built in a more beautiful manner. I surveyed this place with particular attention, on account of the handsome epithets with which Mr. Gibbon, the celebrated historian, has honoured it. In his own life, when Captain in the Hampshire militia, he mentions his passing some time at "the *hospitable* and *pleasant* Blandford;" and, afterwards, remarks — "we again returned to our *beloved* Blandford."

Our next stage brought us to *Dorchester*, a place of great antiquity, and particularly famous among the Romans. It consists chiefly of three streets, and the houses, though old and low, yet are regularly built. St. Peter's church is a handsome structure, and there is a tradi-

onal barbarous rhyme, which imports the founder of this church to have been one Geoffrey Van :

“ Geoffrey Van,  
With his wife Ann,  
And his maid Nan,  
Built this church.”

The county goal, in this town, is a large building, erected upon the plan of the late Mr. Howard. It is surrounded by an high wall, and can boast of an healthy situation. At the time I visited it the convicts were few, not more than half a dozen, part of whom I saw white-washing the walls, and the remainder were weeding the yard, all in irons. Here Mr. Wakefield, one of the first classical scholars in the kingdom, is confined, during the space of two years, for certain passages in his answer to a pamphlet, written by the bishop of Landaff. In the neighbourhood of this town the Romans had an amphitheatre 140 feet wide, and 220 long, now called Maumbury, having a terrace on the top, which is still used as a public walk, and commands a prospect of the town and country around it. The principal business of the place, at present, is breeding of sheep, of which it is said no less than 60,000 are fed within six miles of this town; the ewes generally bring forth two lambs, which is imputed to the wild thyme, and other aromatic herbage, which grows upon the adjacent downs in great plenty.

Leaving *Weymouth*, about the distance of nine miles on the left hand, we entered the road for *Bridport*, whither we soon arrived. It is situated at the distance of 138 miles from London, upon a small river, near the coast of the English Channel. The corporation are principally dissenters, who are here both numerous and of great respectability. The entrance to the harbour was, formerly, choked by sands, which the tides threw up; and though an act of parliament was passed in 1722, for restoring and rebuilding the haven and piers,

it

it was not for sometime executed. This place was once famous for ropes and cables; and by a statute, made in the reign of Henry VIII. it was enacted, that the cordage of the English navy should, for a limited time, be made in this town, or within five miles of it. The soil still produces as good crops of hemp as any in England.

We now set off for *Lyme*, which brings us near the end of our journey. Had the atmosphere been clear, we should have enjoyed a prospect of the sea; but a fog, common to this part of the country, so completely enveloped the horizon, that scarcely any object was visible around us. By this circumstance we were considerably disappointed. A view of the English channel would have pleasingly relieved the eye after our long jaunt over the Dorsetshire downs, which, however ornamented by flocks of sheep, tire by their tedious uniformity.

A few miles before we entered *Lyme*, we passed through *Charmouth*, a village on an eminence near the sea. It was a fair, and of course distinguished by that ludicrous bustle which is usual on such occasions. The honest rustics were assembled for the purposes of recreation, and merriment, in every form, seemed to be the ardent object of pursuit. A country fair has been aptly described both by *Hurdis* and *Warton*; the lines of the latter, of which I was now powerfully reminded, you probably recollect:

“ Behold the transports of yon festive scene,  
Where the wide country, on the tented green,  
Its inmates pour, impatient all to share  
The expected pleasures of the annual fair.  
See! to the amorous youth and village-maid  
The pedlar’s filken treasury display’d;  
The liquorish boy the yellow finnel eyes,  
The champion’s cudgel wins the envy’d prize;  
The martial trumpet calls the gazers in,  
Where lions roar or fierce hyenas grin;

C 2

Responsive

Responsive to the tabor's sprightly found,  
Behold the jingling Morrice beat the ground;  
The neighbouring courser, sleek'd and trick'd for sale,  
Grains in his paunch and ginger in his tail;  
The dwarf and giant, painted to the life;  
The spirit-stirring drum, the shrill-ton'd fife,  
Prelusive to the warlike speech that charms  
The kindling heroes of the plains to arms.  
Here blifs unfeign'd in every eye we trace,  
Here heartfelt mirth illumines every face;  
For pleasure here has never learnt to cloy,  
But days of toil enliven hours of joy."

My friend informed me that Charmouth contains in its cliffs an inexhaustible magazine of petrifications. Perhaps the cornua ammonis, nantilus, and belemnite, are found here in as great perfection as in any part of the kingdom. In fact, there are few cabinets which are not indebted for their most beautiful specimens of the above-mentioned fossils, to this village. Nor must we forget that dog-tooth spars, of the highest beauty, elegant specimens of petrified wood, the vertebræ and other bones of marine animals, are also here found. Gentlemen's carriages, when they stop here, are frequently beset by the poor, who collect these things on the beach and offer them to sale. Among these, the person commonly known by the epithet of Captain Curious, is the most distinguished. Indeed he makes it his sole profession, and on enquiring for him, virtuosi are shewn to his cottage, where a large assortment of these articles is constantly kept on hand."

*Lyme* lies close by the sea-side; and the road to it down the hill, from the village of Charmouth, forms a tremendous declivity. This place is sometimes denominated *Lyme Regis*, or *King's Lyme*, probably from its having been annexed to the crown in the reign of Edward the First. Here are some fine houses built of free stone, and covered with blue slate. It is a good harbour,

harbour, and the merchants lade and unlade their goods at a place called the Cobb, a massy building, consisting of a firm stone wall running out into the sea, and in a curvilinear direction. That part of the town nearest the ocean, lies so low, that at spring tides the cellars are overflowed to the height of 10 or 12 feet. The custom house stands upon pillars, and has the corn market underneath it.

It was at *Lyme* that the unfortunate James duke of Monmouth landed, in June 1685, with about 80 men; his numbers, however, soon increased; he marched to Axminster and Taunton, but giving battle to the King's troops at Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater, he was defeated, and soon after beheaded. His adherents were pursued with unrelenting cruelty, and several were executed at this place, with circumstances of aggravated severity. In particular, 12 persons were hung at one time, among whom were Colonel Holmes, Dr. Temple, and Samuel Robins, whose cases were somewhat peculiar. Holmes was an old and gallant officer, who had served under Cromwell with distinguished reputation. He accompanied the Duke to Holland, by whom he was made major general. In the action of Philips Norton, one of his arms was shot to pieces, so that it hung only by the flesh; in consequence of this, being soon taken, he was stripped by the soldiers and carried before a justice of peace, who humanely cloathed him. His shattered arm being an incumbrance to him, he waiting in the kitchen for his worship, laid it on a dresser and cut it off himself with the cook maid's knife. He was hanged on the spot where he landed with the Duke.

Dr. Temple was a native of Nottingham, who going to Holland for experience in his profession, met with the Duke, who engaged him as his physician and surgeon. He knew nothing of the Duke's intention of invading England, till they had been some time at sea; yet notwithstanding this exculpatory fact, no interest

could save him. He therefore resigned himself to his fate with becoming fortitude. Samuel Robins was a fisherman of Charmouth, who went on board the Duke's ship to dispose of his fish, and was of course compelled to pilot him into Lyme. He would, however, have been pardoned, had it not been proved in court, that a book, entitled *The Solemn League and Covenant*, was found in his house.

It is observed by a Mr. Pitts, who was a spectator of the execution of these 12 unfortunate persons, that they were to have been drawn to the place of execution on a sledge; but no cart horses, or even coach horses, could be made to draw it, so that they were obliged to go on foot. This circumstance was remarked at the time, and considered by many as a kind of miracle. It undoubtedly had something extraordinary in it; but every little circumstance is easily convertible into an omen by minds inclineable to superstition.

We left Lyme, encircled by the shades of the evening, and passing through Colyton, a snug little place, reached *Sidmouth* at a late hour, when its inhabitants were peacefully reclined on their bed:

“Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus ægris  
Incipit, et dono divum gratissima serpit.

'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs  
Our bodies worn with toil, our minds with cares.”

We soon, however, got access into the house of our friend, a gentleman of respectability, who entertained us with his accustomed kindness and hospitality.

In my next epistle I shall send you an account of *Sidmouth* and its vicinity. I remain,

My worthy Friend,

Yours respectfully,

GENERAL



## GENERAL REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

IN our Numbers for *January* and *February*, of the current year, the reader will find a survey of literature up to that period. But having promised such an account half-yearly, we now resume the subject; and we hope to treat it in a manner calculated to forward mental improvement. This is the great object of our Miscellany, and we shall rejoice in its accomplishment.

We will preserve the order we have hitherto followed, and accordingly begin with

## HISTORY.

This department has not proved particularly fertile; it requires such eminent talents, and embraces so wide a circle of investigation, that few authors are competent to the undertaking. Some few productions, however, call for notice, and shall receive from us due attention.

MR. BELSHAM has produced *Two Historical Dissertations*.—The one, on the *Causes of the Ministerial Secession*, 1717.—The other, on the *Treaty of Hanover*, 1725. Both of them relate to certain particulars of the English history, which he has already touched upon in his former volumes. These pieces shew considerable thought, and an extensive acquaintance with his subject. The *second* of these dissertations refers to certain assertions of Mr. Coxe; which are undoubtedly worthy of that gentleman's consideration. We interfere not with the dispute, but would wish that all historical truth should be thoroughly sifted, and nothing brought forward without just foundation.

SIR FRANCIS IVERNOIS' *Political and Historical Delineation of the Administration of the French Republic*, is designed to expose that government. He states certain facts, which demonstrate the greatest inattention

tion in the French rulers to the happiness of mankind. We are always sorry to peruse such accounts, for they must be painful to every mind of sensibility.

MAURICE's *History of Indostan; its Arts and Sciences, as connected with the other great Empires of Asia, during the most early Periods of the World*, is pregnant with curious information. We recommend its perusal; for it throws light on various articles of the East, which were before involved in profound darkness.

WOOD's *View of the History of Switzerland, with a particular Account of the Origin and Accomplishment of the Swiss Revolution*, lays open a scene of iniquity with respect to the French, at which every well constituted mind must revolt with abhorrence. Injustice and oppression always raise our detestation; and our detestation is heightened, when we perceive such enormities committed under the sacred name of liberty! The French had no right to meddle with Switzerland.

#### THEOLOGY.

Here we shall introduce only a very few works, and those only whose contents are adapted to promote the best interests of the human race. Our Miscellany is not of a theological cast, and yet the important subject ought, by no means, to be wholly excluded from it.

KETT's *History, the Interpreter of Prophecy, or a View of Scriptural Prophecies, and their Accomplishment, in the past and present Occurrences of the World, with Conjectures respecting their future Completion*, in three volumes, is a production of considerable merit. Every rational work upon this curious and profound subject meets our approbation. The topic has been miserably abused by enthusiasts of every description. It gives us, therefore, pleasure to perceive it handled in a way that imparts satisfaction to the more judicious friends of revelation.

*A Picture*

*A Picture of Christian Philosophy*, by Mr. FELLOWES, a curate of the church of England, is a charming volume, in which the character of the great and venerable founder of our religion is ably drawn—divested of every trait that has the most distant alliance with fanaticism or superstition. The candid deist must admire, and will surely acquiesce in, the superior beauty of the delineation.

*Sermons*, by the REV. EDMUND BUTCHER, are a valuable accession to *Discourses for Families*. The ease of the language, the justness of the sentiments, and the rational fervour by which the whole volume stands characterised, must recommend it to the cordial approbation of every pious and liberal mind.

The re-publication of *Winchester's Dialogues*, by MR. VIDLER, will be esteemed by all who are attached to those truly enlarged views of revelation, which are included in the grand doctrine of Universal Restoration !

#### MEDICINE.

The *Medical and Physical Journal*, under the superintendence of DRs. BRADLEY and WILlich, is a valuable periodical publication of its kind, and contains a very curious account of the *cow-pox*, which may, in time, become an admirable substitute for the small-pox. Experiments are now making for the purpose, and should they succeed, the fact will prove highly serviceable to the human species.

*Medical Admonitions for Families*, by JAMES PARKINSON, in two volumes, is a work which cannot be too much commended for the perspicuity of its information, and the benevolence of its tendency. Heads of families should have it lying by them; it describes, with accuracy, the nature and symptoms of the diseases to which we are most subject, and points out the period of indisposition when medical aid becomes of indispensable necessity. The common faults of such performances

mances are, to induce valetudinarians to tamper too much with their own constitutions; but *here* all such danger is precluded.

TOWNSEND'S *Vade Mecum*, is a manual in which ingenuity and utility are combined. Other works might be mentioned, but our limits forbid an enlargement.

#### POLITICS

Next demand our attention; but, alas! this portion of our department still continues a turbulent region, in which nothing very pleasing can be contemplated.

PENN'S *Timely Appeal to the Common Sense of Great Britain*, presents us with some singular speculations. Among other articles of reformation, he recommends, in our police, a system of *rewards*, instead of punishment. How far this would turn out for an improvement we cannot say, but the plan is benevolent, and deserving, from our rulers, of attentive consideration; certain it is, that many of our present laws are excessively severe, nor do we find the offenders, on that account, diminished. Every possible scheme should be at least tried, which promises the amelioration of mankind.

*Observations on the Political Conduct of the Protestant Dissenters*, by D. RIVERS, is a pamphlet replete with falsehoods, and only calculated to inflame the worst passions of the heart. The virulence of the language defeats the ends it was intended to accomplish, and the dissenters themselves, we understand, have not thought the piece worthy of animadversion. It is, indeed, already sunk into its merited oblivion.

JOHNSON'S *Serious Address to the People of England, on the Subject of Reformation, and the Necessity of Zeal and Unanimity in Defence of their Country*, well repaid our perusal of it. It is evidently dictated by an enlarged and liberal spirit, and breathes throughout a warm attachment to his native land. His ideas

of

of reform are temperate, and appear to have been suggested by the persuasion that he was contributing to the welfare and prosperity of his country. When we read such productions, we are reminded of Cowper's beautiful lines :

"England ! with all thy faults I love thee still,  
My country ! and while yet a nook is left,  
Where English minds and manners may be found,  
Shall be constrain'd to love thee."

But we hasten from the noisy region of politics, to the far more pleasing department of

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Voyages to the East Indies, by the late SPLINTER STAUVRINUS, ESQ. Rear Admiral in the Service of the States General*, abound with information respecting that distant part of the globe. The Dutch settlements are well described, and much light thrown on their condition, with which we were before little acquainted.

*The Missionary Voyage* is a strange compound of enthusiasm and persevering industry. Its Appendix contains some curious facts respecting the Otaheitans ; whilst we reprobate the indecent anecdotes by which the work is debased.

COLNETT's *Voyage to the South Atlantic, and round Cape Horn, into the Pacific Ocean, for the Purpose of extending the Spermaceti Whale Fishery, and other Objects of Commerce*, is adapted to answer the ends for which it was intended. Many singular accounts are given of the whales, who, on account of their bulk and strength, may be pronounced the monarchs of the ocean ! TAYLOR's *Travels from England into India*, afford an insight into the difficulties peculiarly attendant on such an undertaking.

We close this article by the mention of Mr. WARNER's *Second Walk through Wales* ; a work in which  
elegance

elegance and sentiment are at once agreeably united. He leads us over the barren and craggy mountains of the principality, in the most pleasing manner, entertaining his readers with speculations which both instruct and amuse them. His *Second* is, in every respect, equal to his *First Walk through Wales*, and, together, these volumes form an interesting body of information respecting that ancient and renowned part of our kingdom.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

The first volume of a *New Biographical Dictionary*, by DR. AIKIN, and the late DR. ENFIELD, promises so well, that upon its completion it will be the best work of the kind in our language. The details are proportioned to the importance of the characters, and a due estimate made of their respective works.

HICKMAN's *Memoirs of the Life of Charles Macklin, Esq.* furnish us with a competent idea of that celebrated actor, whose years were extended beyond a century. The narrative, however, might have been more compact; and we could have dispensed with that immoderate strain of panegyric which always injures the subject on which it is lavished.

*British Public Characters* contain much information, but we could have wished that its authority was not anonymous; for in such a case the opinion of its authenticity is always lessened.

*The Life of the Empress of Russia*, ascribed to Mr. Tooke, is a masterly performance, and lets us into an acquaintance with many traits in the conduct of that extraordinary woman.

*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr. Comber*, by his great grandson, have the merit of accuracy; and his learning and piety are subjects of just commendation.

*Biographical Memoirs of the French Revolution* are interesting, as they lay open to our view a variety

riety of those characters who have "fretted and strutted their hour" on that stage of bustle and confusion. Mr. Adolphus, the author, is by no means favourably disposed towards them, and, therefore, having dragged them forth to the eye of his readers, treats them with an unmerciful severity.

## POETRY.

We shall begin with Mr. SOUTHEY'S *Second Volume of Poems*, which is not, by any means, injurious to the reputation which he has already gained for elegance and sensibility. The first part of the volume indeed is occupied by the *Vision of the Maid of Orleans*, which stands expunged from the second edition of the epic poem, and is here given in a form more chastened, and corrected.

ROSCOE'S *Nurse*, from the Italian, is truly beautiful; and British mothers will do well to regard its admonitory strains. The unnatural practice of refusing to nurse their own infants, is here warmly reprobated, and its evils properly delineated. We notice this subject the more particularly, because we know it is connected with the welfare and happiness of the rising generation.

MISS DAYE'S *Poems*, on various subjects, we have read with pleasure; they are the offspring of taste and sensibility.

CHEETHAM'S *Odes and Sonnets*, particularly the latter, evince ability, and are no unpromising specimens of that young gentleman's genius for poetry.

The poems of *Anderson, Smith, Campbell, and Goodwin*, are the productions of young poets; but are nevertheless possessed of merit, and may be read with advantage. The same remarks may be extended also to *Amatory Odes, Epistles and Sonnets, the Productions of an uneducated Youth*.

MRS. MOODY'S *Poetic Trifles* exhibit a cultivated imagination and a benevolent heart.

VOL. VIII.

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Theodora

*Theodora*; or, *the Gamester's Progress*, had it been less prosaic, would receive from us a larger portion of our approbation. The purport of the tale is highly meritorious, and pregnant with moral instruction. Nor must we quit this department without mentioning MR. HEPTINSTALL's edition in two volumes of the *Sacred Oratorios, as set to Music by George F. Handell*. This is a neat and cheap compilation, accompanied by embellishments, which enhance its utility.

#### NOVELS.

It is not our purpose, under this head, to heap together all the trash which issues from the press, under this denomination. We shall confine ourselves only to the most popular of these *too popular* productions.

MRS. ROBINSON's *False Friend*, though not destitute of her usual ability, is a strange story, and of dubious morality. Such performances ought not to be sanctioned by the public; we are sorry to perceive talents so perverted.

MISS HAY's *Victim of Prejudice*, is liable to the same objections, and, however we may be disposed to praise this lady's ingenuity, we must, from a sense of duty to our readers, withhold our commendation. Writers of this stamp conjure up, in their imagination, all the possible evils that can afflict humanity, and then charge them upon the present constituted state of society. That many things want amendment we readily allow; but we are not sufficiently sensible of the blessings of civilization. These novelists fall violently in love with their own notions; and then, forsooth! brand every other sentiment with an execrable deformity.

LAMB's *Tale of Rosamond Gray and Old Blind Margaret*, possesses considerable pathos; we felt much interest in the perusal of it, and can speak of it in terms of unreserved approbation.

*Canterbury Tales*, by the MISS LEES, are pleasing  
and



and recommend themselves by variety. The *third* and *last* volume is now published. The tales are told by seven different persons, arrived in two stage coaches, in the depth of a severe winter, at an inn at Canterbury. The characters are—a Superstitious old Lady—a Sentimental young Lady—a French Abbé—a queer sort of an English Traveller—an old Officer, and the Author. The tales are told to relieve the tediousness of their detainment at an inn; the whole concludes in this sprightly manner—"The voice of my most favourite companion," says the author, meaning the clergyman, "suddenly ceased, and I awoke; yes, reader, courteous or uncourteous, I really awoke from a species of *day dreams* to which I have all my life been subject, and if you should find this as pleasant as I have done, why we may henceforth recite tales without going to Canterbury, and travel half the world over without quitting our own dear fire-sides." From this sketch, the reader will perceive that they are persuaded on the plan of old Chaucer, of whose tales we gave an account in the last volume of our Miscellany.

MRS. WEST'S *Tale of the Times* is, on the whole, an engaging composition.

*The Aristocrat*, by the Author of the *Democrat*, is ascribed to MR. PYE, the Poet Laureat, and is, in many respects, worthy of his reputation. It is interspersed with some lively poetry. The following lines struck us as a natural delineation of grief in a person who revisits his native country,

"The woods as green, the skies as blue,  
As bright the azure billow flows,  
As when to cheer my infant view,  
The prospect first arose;  
But while by grief for pleasures past,  
The gloomy scene is overcast,  
The brightest landscape smiles in vain,  
And memory each charm destroys,  
And only points to wither'd joys  
That ne'er must bloom again!"

### DRAMA.

This department may include many singular productions of very various merit and utility. It would be inexcusable in us not to place in the front *Pizarro*, of universal fame ! We have, indeed, so fully explained ourselves in our Dramatic Register, that here we shall only add, that it does both its author and translator, or rather *emendator*, great credit. Whatever faults may be found with certain parts of it ; its sentiment, its language, and its tendency in general, claim high approbation.

When examining this part of our survey, we cannot help expressing our astonishment at the barrenness of our own authors. The rage is for translations from the German ; and Kotzebue seems destined to supply all our defects.

One curious tragedy has been sent us from America, that on the *Death of Major Andre*. The story is affecting, but the play disappointed us. The *East Indian*, by LEWIS—the *Castle of Montval*, by WHALLEY—*First Faults*—*What is She ?*—*Aurelio and Miranda*—*Votary of Wealth*—*The Secret*—*Five Thousand a Year*, and *Is it he or his Brother ?* have been brought forward within this last half year. Their merits are by no means equal ; and in our Dramatic Register we have already given a sufficient detail of them. The stage might be much improved, and made more subservient to the real welfare of the community.

### EDUCATION.

MAVOR's *British Nepos* is a good school book, containing the lives of the more distinguished characters of British history in an abridged form. We were sorry in the perusal of it, to meet with so many cramp words, which we hope will be banished from a future edition.

COLLARD's *Praxis of Logic*, is very useful to young persons to aid them in the important task of discrimination.

MISS

MISS MORE *on Education*, contains many ingenious remarks, and seems to have been written with the best intentions; but sorry we are to remark passages which will tend to prejudice every rational mind against the work. We however are of opinion, that her observations on the fashionable vices and follies of the age, are deserving of attention. We trust, indeed, that all ranks will soon be brought back to a manly recollection of their duties, the discharge of which forms the only true basis for present and future felicity.

THE REV. MR. ARMSTRONG'S *Elements of the Latin Tongue*, should be put into the hands of every youth whose time is occupied in the attainment of that language. Its ingenious compiler has rejected incumbrances, stated the most essential parts of grammatical knowledge with accuracy; and by placing the rules of syntax in English, made them much more intelligible to the classical student. We wish these *Elements* every success.

Thus have we rapidly glanced at some of the most popular performances which, for this last half year, have been presented to the public. We have been severe only where severity became absolutely necessary. We have inclined more to praise than censure; persuaded that few books are so entirely bad as not to contain something which is calculated to enlighten the mind and meliorate the heart. We can pass by many faults in a performance, when its perusal secures the main object—INTELLECTUAL and MORAL IMPROVEMENT.

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EXTRACTS  
FROM  
*WRAXALL'S MEMOIRS*  
OF THE  
COURTS OF BERLIN, WARSAW, AND VIENNA.

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CHARACTER OF FREDERIC KING OF PRUSSIA.

**B**UT while I admit his claim to immortality, I am not disposed to be his panegyrist. Much as we admire, we are little tempted to love him. Ambition, from the hour of his accession to the present moment, has been his only real passion. Neither the faith of treaties nor the laws of nations, nor the principles of justice and equity, have ever sufficiently restrained him from pursuing the aggrandizement of the Prussian monarchy. The conquest of Silesia, under all the circumstances, can scarcely be justified: the partition of Poland, however its injustice may seem to be diminished by the concurrence of Austria and Russia, was an act that revolted every mind not insensible to the distinctions of right and wrong. His own glory, more than the felicity of his people, has constituted, at every period of his reign, the rule of his political conduct. Though not cruel, he is nevertheless in some respects oppressive; though he rarely permits capital punishments, he exacts pecuniary contributions from his subjects, scarcely less subversive of their domestic happiness, than would be the utmost severity of penal laws. His vigilance, it is true, never sleeps; and he is felt on the distant frontier of Courland or of Cleves, at the extremities of his dominions, almost as much as here at Berlin. But so was Philip the Second, the most odious tyrant of modern times. It is for the preservation of his own greatness alone that Frederic wakes. Even his pleasures are gloomy, philosophic, and solitary. Love never invaded the privacy of "Sans Souci,"

Souci," nor softened the austere and cheerless hours of Frederic's private life. He is great, but not amiable; we render homage to his talents, his reputation, and his victories: but we desire to live under a more benign and unambitious prince. We are pleased to visit Berlin, as an object of liberal curiosity; but we prefer the residence of London, of Vienna, or of Naples.

#### MAGICAL INCANTATIONS.

THE Chevalier de Saxe, third in order of birth, among the natural sons of Augustus the Second, King of Poland, was only half brother to the famous Marshal Saxe, as they were by different mothers. In right of his wife, who was a Princess Lubomirska, of a very illustrious Polish family, the Chevalier inherited considerable property in that country, as well as in Saxony. He resided principally in Dresden, and died only a few years ago, at his palace in this city; which his nephew Prince Charles, who was his principal heir, occupied after his decease. In addition to his maternal estates, the Chevalier possessed a vast income from his military and other appointments in the Electoral service; and as he left no issue, he was supposed to have amassed great sums. Reports had been circulated that money was concealed in the palace; but no one pretended to ascertain the precise place where it was deposited. If his spirit could be compelled to appear, that interesting secret might be extorted from him. Thus curiosity combining with avarice, or at least with the hope of discovering a considerable treasure, prompted Prince Charles to name his uncle, as the object of the experiment\*.

On the appointed night, for Schrepfer † naturally preferred darkness, as not only more private in itself,

\* Of raising a deceased person.

† The pretended magician.

but better calculated for the effect of incantations ; the company assembled. They were nineteen in number, of whom I personally know several, who are persons of consideration, character, and respectability. When they were met in the great gallery of the palace, the first object of all present was to secure the windows and doors, in order equally to prevent intrusion or deception. As far as precaution could effect it, they did so, and were satisfied that nothing, except violence, could procure access or entrance. Schrepfer then acquainted them, that the act which he was about to perform, would demand all their firmness ; and advised them to fortify their nerves by partaking of a bowl of punch, which was placed upon the table. Several of them, indeed, as I believe, all, except one or two, thinking the exhortation judicious, very readily followed it ; but, the gentleman from whom I received these particulars, declined the advice. " I am come here," said he to Schrepfer, " to be present at raising an apparition. Either I will see all or nothing. My resolution is taken, and no inducement can make me put any thing within my lips." Another of the company, who preserved his presence of mind, placed himself close to the principal door, in order to watch if any one attempted to open or force it. These preparatory steps being taken, the great work began with the utmost solemnity.

Schrepfer commenced it, by retiring into a corner of the gallery, where kneeling down, with many mysterious ceremonies, he invoked the spirits to appear, or rather to come to his aid ; for it is allowed that none were ever visible. A very considerable time elapsed before they obeyed ; during which interval, he laboured apparently, under great agitation of body and mind, being covered with a violent sweat, and almost in convulsions, like the Pythoness of antiquity. At length a loud clatter was heard at all the windows on the outside ; which was soon followed by another noise, resembling more  
the

the effect produced by a number of wet fingers drawn over the edge of glasses, that any thing else to which it could well be compared. This sound announced, as he said, the arrival of his good or protecting spirits, and seemed to encourage him to proceed. A short time afterwards a yelling was heard, of a frightful and unusual nature, which came, he declared, from the malignant spirits, whose presence, as it seems, was necessary and indispensable to the completion of the catastrophe.

The company were now, at least the greater part, electrified with amazement, or petrified with horror; and of course fully prepared for every object which could be presented to them. Schrepfer continuing his invocations, the door suddenly opened with violence, and something that resembled a black ball or globe, rolled into the room. It was invested with smoke or cloud, in the midst of which appeared to be a human face, like the countenance of the Chevalier de Saxe; much in the same way, it would seem, that Corregio or Hannibal Carrache, have represented Jupiter appearing to Semelé. From this form issued a loud and angry voice, which exclaimed in German, "Carl, was wolte du mit mich?—Charles, what wouldst thou with me? Why dost thou disturb me?"

Language, as may be supposed, can ill describe the consternation produced among the spectators at such a sight. Either firmly persuaded that the appearance which they beheld, was spiritual and intangible, or deprived of resolution to approach and attempt to seize it; they appear to have made no effort to satisfy themselves of its incorporeal nature. The Prince, whose impious curiosity had summoned his uncle's ghost, and to whom, as the person principally responsible, the spectre addressed itself; far from manifesting coolness, or attempting reply, betrayed the strongest marks of horror and contrition. Throwing himself on his knees, he called on God for mercy; while others of the terrified party earnestly besought the magician to give the only remaining

maining proof of his art for which they were now very anxious, by dismissing the apparition. But, Schrepfer, though apparently willing, found, or pretended to find, this effort beyond his power. However incredible, absurd, or ridiculous it may be thought, the persons who witnessed the scene, protest that near an hour elapsed, before, by the force of his invocations, the spectre could be compelled to disappear. Nay, when at length Schrepfer had succeeded in dismissing it: at the moment that the company began to resume a degree of serenity, the door, which had been closed, burst open again, and the same hideous form presented itself anew to their eyes. The most resolute and collected among them, were not proof to its second appearance, and a scene of universal dismay ensued. Schrepfer, however, by reiterated exorcisms or exertions, finally dismissed the apparition. The terrified spectators soon dispersed, overcome with amazement, and fully satisfied, as they well might be, of Schrepfer's supernatural powers."

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#### COPERNICUS.

WHATEVER may be its political fate, the name of Thorn will always recal to the mind a man, whose deep researches ascertained the principle only surmised by antiquity, upon which rests the Newtonian system of philosophy. Nicholas Copernicus, or Kopernic, has immortalized the place of his birth and residence. Every particular relative to him excites curiosity; and after visiting his house as well as his tomb, I endeavoured to obtain some information concerning his family. It is not a little remarkable, that so sublime a discovery should have originated in a part of Europe the most obscure, and hardly civilized, while it escaped the finer genius of Italy and of France. Though a part of the building has been destroyed by fire, the chamber is still religiously preserved in which Copernicus was born.

His



His remains are buried under a flat stone, in one of the side aisles of the most ancient church of Thorn. Above is erected a small monument, on which is painted a half-length portrait of him. The face is that of a man declined in years, pale and thin; but there is in the expression of the countenance something which pleases, and conveys the idea of intelligence. His hair and eyes are black, his hands joined in prayer, and he is habited in the dress of a priest. Before him is a crucifix, at his foot a scull, and behind appear a globe and compass. He died in 1543; and, when expiring, is said to have confessed himself, as long and uniform tradition reports, in the following Latin verses, which are inscribed on the monument. They demonstrate that when near his dissolution, all cares or enquiries, except those of a religious nature, had ceased to affect or agitate him.

“ Non parem Pauli gratiam requiro,  
Veniam Petri neque posco; sed quam  
In crucis ligno dederat latroni  
Sedulus oro.”

Monsieur Luther de Geret, counsellor of the senate of Thorn, furnished me with some information relative to the illustrious person in question; and as so little is ascertained of his origin or family, it merits to be preserved. “The father of Kopernic was a stranger, from what part of Europe is totally unknown. He settled here as a merchant, and the archives of the city prove that he obtained the freedom of Thorn in 1462. It seems clear that he must have been in opulent circumstances and of consideration; not only from the liberal education which he bestowed upon his son, but from the rank of his wife. She was sister of Luca Watzelrode, bishop of Ermeland, a prelate descended from one of the most illustrious families of Polish Prussia. The name of the father, as well as of the son, was Nicholas. To the patronage of his maternal uncle, the great Copernicus was indebted for his ecclesiastical promotions; being made

made a prebend of the church of St. John at Thorn, and a canon of the church of Frawemberg, in the diocese of Ermeland. Of his private life we know little. He did not reside here altogether, nor did he die here; his body having been brought to Thorn for sepulture from Ermeland, where he expired. A dysentery, accompanied by a partial palsy, produced his death. In his character, as well as in all his deportment, he was modest, diffident, and religious. It is not either known or believed, that he left behind him any natural children. But the family continued to reside here, as appears by a manuscript chronicle still existing, in which it is mentioned, that "On the 11th of August, 1601, died Martin Kopernic, barber, of the kindred and posterity of Nicholas Kopernic; a young man unmarried and wealthy, of an apoplectic fit, at his garden in the suburbs." In his person, we apprehend the name to have become totally extinct."

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#### EXECUTION AT VIENNA:

CRIMES, as well as punishments, are rare, owing to the vigilance and severity of the police. A murder is scarcely ever committed, and robberies are by no means common. At almost every hour of the day or night, a stranger may walk the streets, or travel the public roads in safety. Of course, executions happen very seldom; but when they take place, they are conducted with admirable propriety and effect. I had the curiosity, for the first time in my life, to be present at an execution, only a few days ago; which, from the circumstances that attended it, well merits a particular description. Many thousand spectators of all conditions were assembled to witness it; and I never saw any public ceremony performed with so much solemnity and awful decorum. Four men, convicted of robbery, aggravated by circumstances of cruelty and inhumanity, were sentenced

tenced to die ; not by the halter, as with us, but by the sword of the executioner. They suffered on the Esplanade, without one of the gates of Vienna, upon a circular space or piece of ground walled in, railed twelve or fourteen feet above the level of the Esplanade. In order to have a better view of it, I got into a cart placed near the scaffold, whence I could distinguish even the countenances and features of the criminals.

The first of the four malefactors having been seated in a chair screwed down into the ground, his arms and body were next tied with cords, in order to prevent him from moving, and his neck was laid bare quite to the shoulders. A bandage being drawn across his eyes, four Augustine monks with a crucifix approached, and after prayer confessed him. The executioner's assistant then collecting his hair, pulled up his head with a view to afford a fairer mark. Meanwhile the executioner, who was a very decent man in his figure and dress, arrived in a hackney-coach. When all the requisite preparations were made, he threw off his cloak, and being in his white waistcoat, he unsheathed the instrument of punishment. It was a strait, two-edged sword, of an equal breadth quite to the point, prodigiously heavy, broad, and sharp as a razor. Coming in flank of the criminal, who was blindfolded, and ignorant of the precise moment, he took off the head at one stroke, with a dexterity and celerity exceeding imagination. The assistant held it up streaming with blood, and then laid it down on the ground ; while the decapitated trunk was allowed to remain for some seconds in the chair, the blood spouting up at first to the height of three or four feet in the air. Two men next untied the corpse, and taking it by the legs and shoulders, bore it to a little distance. The head was carried with it, and the whole covered with a large mat.

Previous to beheading the second culprit, the chair was wiped clean from the blood with which it had been stained ; the ropes were washed, and sand scattered over

the place ; so that when he was brought up to suffer, no trace of the preceding execution was visible. About half an hour elapsed between their respective deaths ; the last three being beheaded with the same dexterity as the first, and with similar circumstances. The velocity with which the sword passed through the neck, and dismembered the head, was such, that the blade scarcely appeared bloody. After inflicting each stroke, the executioner took out a white handkerchief, and carefully wiped away the globules of blood which stood upon the sword ; then sheathed, and laid it down at some paces from the chair, concealed by a cloak. The whole ceremony being ended, he advanced forward, and holding up the instrument of justice immediately after he had taken off the head of the last criminal, he addressed himself to the assembled multitude, demanding whether he had well performed his duty. They signified their approbation, and he then withdrew ; while the people, before they dispersed, joined with the monks in prayer for the souls of the departed. The four trunks and heads were exposed during some hours on wheels, to the view of every one, and afterwards interred.

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### ON REWARDS.

#### AN EXERCISE DELIVERED AT OXFORD.

*Spes Præmii Laboris est Solatium.*

HOWEVER industrious moralists of different ages may have been in representing virtue as its own reward, it is obvious to remark, that their endeavours in this respect have, in a great measure, proved unsuccessful. Fine theories may delight the philosopher and excite the admiration of the learned ; but they are by no means calculated to influence the bulk of mankind. These require something more substantial as a foundation for action, and are actuated rather by motives arising

arising from views of honour and interest, than by those deduced from the beauty of virtue. Stoical speculations may be productive of Stoical apathy; but little or no advantage will be found to result from them, either to society in general, or to particular individuals.

It is certain, that the human faculties are never known to expand themselves more freely in exertion, than when warmed and enlivened by the hope of some present or distant good. This is a counterpoise to the severest hardships undergone in the pursuit; and the testimony of every man's own experience, independent of other proof, may be sufficient to convince him, that no solacer is more sweet to the weariness of diligence, than the contemplation of its reward. Whilst we look forward with fond expectation to new acquisitions, either of fame or fortune, the various difficulties, whether real or imaginary, which are apt to intimidate sluggish minds, gradually disappear; and every intermediate obstacle, which stands in the way of aspiring merit, is easily surmounted. In the gay prospect of futurity such enjoyments present themselves, as diffuse a ray of comfort over the gloom of misfortune, and give steadiness and perseverance to our conduct, even under repeated and frequent disappointments. What is it, but a firm confidence of their respective wishes being at length gratified, that forwards the operations of the mechanic, invigorates the measures of the statesman, and nerves the arm and animates the courage of the warrior? The ascent to fame appears proportionably less steep and rugged—as the hero keeps stedfastly in his eye the glorious prospect on the summit; nor do labours and dangers ever recommend themselves so successfully to the spirit of adventure, as when they flatter its pecuniary views, or promise greatness to its ambition. The wreath of victory and the glory of triumph, were placed by the ancients amongst the most enviable attainments; in *them* they beheld a full compensation for all their mili-

tary toils and dangers, and accordingly sacrificed to them, not only the softer pleasures of ease and indolence, but even life itself. Whence did the unparalleled strength of resolution which distinguished the character of the Lacedemonians originate, but from a settled determination of securing that praise for which they so ardently panted? They chose rather to subject themselves to the greatest sufferings, nay, voluntary to undergo the most exquisite pains and tortures, than betray a want of hardiness which might, in their opinion, justify the imputation of effeminate cowardice.

Whatever the species of reward is, if the desire of it be congenial to the mind, its empire is generally absolute. All the evils of pain, want, and hunger, have been willingly embraced by men, under the idea of thereby obtaining some favourite object. No potion can be prescribed too nauseous for the languishing patient, when he feels within himself the exhilarating anticipation of its salutary effects; nor can any regimen be devised so severe, which he will not gladly submit to and persevere in, if it yields hopes of recovering that inestimable blessing, health. It is impossible fully to conceive how violently men will strain in the race of competition, when the prize of glory is held out to their view; and on what dangerous seas they will hazard their existence, when tempted by a prospect of immense gain.

Under the well-regulated direction of such principles, the noblest efforts of genius and application have been exerted, and with most desirable success in promoting the general happiness of society. To this source we may justly ascribe the great advances which have been made in arts and sciences, and in short the production of almost every thing on which the wisest men have agreed to impress the stamp of excellence. It is clear from the slightest intercourse with the world, that the attention bestowed on the various objects of pursuit in life, is usually proportioned to the degree of honour and advantage

advantage which they are deemed capable of affording. Few would be found willing to plant the tree, did they not expect to eat of the fruit; few bold enough to stand the shock of the combat, if forbidden to partake of the glory of the victory. The husbandman would neither plow nor sow, did he not hope to reap the produce of his labour; the artisan would not waste his health and strength with incessant toil, was he not induced to it by a view of gain; nor would the student trim the midnight lamp, did he not flatter himself with the pleasing expectation of future distinction and pre-eminence.— Deprive him of this, and his genius languishes; and, after a few unsuccessful efforts, abandons itself to despair; like a fair flower under the influence of an inclement sky, that never appears in its genuine beauty, but after having exhibited some faint tints of its native lustre, sickens, droops, and dies.

If, therefore, a regard to praise or emolument, hath a manifest tendency to engage men in enterprizes which may ultimately conduce to public ornament or utility, it by no means argues sound policy to discourage such motives, however subordinate in their natures. To cut off all prospect of reward, with a view of making eminence more amiable, is the same absurdity, as to aim at improving the motion of the machine, by breaking its main-spring. Under the protection of public favour and gratitude, works of ingenuity have, in times past, flourished, and to the credit of the present day, do now afford a display of no less excellence; and that still further advances may be made, and arts and sciences carried to a yet higher degree of perfection, we have reason to expect, whilst both royal and popular patronage continue to diffuse their fostering influence, and concur to extend encouragement and incitement to all that merit it.

Animated by these considerations, and encouraged by the success of those who have gone before us in the walks of literature, permit us to indulge the flattering

hope, that by pursuing the paths which are here pointed out to us, and aided by the assistance which is here afforded us, *we* also may arrive at some degree of distinction, and contribute in our respective spheres, some small share at least to the promotion and improvement of useful knowledge.

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### CURIOUS PARTICULARS

CHARACTERISTIC OF EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR.

*Chiefly extracted from the New Edition of Dr. Aikin's  
Calendar of Nature.*

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### CALENDAR OF NATURE.

#### SEPTEMBER.

Now soften'd suns a mellow lustre shed,  
The laden orchards glow with tempting red;  
On hazel boughs the clusters hang embrown'd,  
And with the sportsman's war the new-shorn fields  
resound.

1. **P**LEASANT month, possessing the softness and serenity of autumn, yet the days are sensibly shortened, and the various temperature of the weather occasions unhealthiness. 2. Corn abroad at the beginning of the month, therefore partridge shooting commences the 14th instead of the 1st of September. 3. Partridges feed on grain and other seeds, scratched up, therefore live chiefly on the ground, making much use of their legs and little of their wings. 4. They pair early in the spring, the hen sitting twenty-two days, and the young come forth full-feathered, like chickens. 5. When the young ones are attacked, wonderful instances of attachment in the old ones—even have feigned being



being wounded, to draw off the pursuers from the nest. 6. Partridges retire to groves in the day-time—to the open stubble in the night. Man is their most formidable enemy, obliging them, by pointers, to take wing for the purpose of shooting them, or inclosing them in a net when they remain on the ground :

—————In his mid career the spaniel's touch,  
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose  
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full,  
Fearful and cautious on the latent prey;  
As in the sun the circling covey bask  
Their varied plumes, and watchful ev'ry way,  
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.

THOMSON.

7. Saffron now gathered, grows chiefly in Essex, in a considerable tract between Cambridge and Saffron Malden. The process of gathering and drying, curious—used in medicine as a cordial, formerly esteemed in cookery, and imparts a fine yellow dye. 8. Few flowers, except the ivy, open in this month. 9 Short intermission to the labours of the husbandman ; for the harvest gathered in, then comes sowing for the winter crops. 10. Bee-hives to be straitened in their entrance, lest wasps and other depredators injure the honey. 11. Arrivals of the herrings affords a harvest to the inhabitants of the eastern and western coasts of the island. 12. Herrings make their winter rendezvous within the arctic circle. 13. Put themselves in motion in the spring, that they might deposit their spawn in warmer latitudes. 14. Grand shoal does not appear till June, then attended by an immense multitude of sea-birds, &c. all of which are supported without apparently diminishing their host—main body alters the appearance of the ocean—so large that it is divided into columns of five or six miles in length, and three or four in breadth, sinking and rising, and in bright weather exhibiting

hibiting a resplendency of colours, like a field of gems. 15. The great body is divided by the Shetland Isles into two grand divisions, the one going to *Yarmouth*, the other to the *Western Isles*. 16. At the end of the month the common swallow disappears. 17. Three current opinions of their disappearance for the winter—1. Into a torpid state.—2. Into caverns and sheltered places.—3. Into other countries, having a warmer climate; thus, crossing the Channel to Spain, thence to Gibraltar, and thence to the northern shores of Africa. 18. Other small soft-billed birds now disappear by migration. 19. Field-fare and red-wing return from more northerly countries to spend the winter with us. 20. Wood owl hoots, stone-curlew clamours; the wood-lark, thrush, black-bird, commence their autumnal music. 21. The snake casts his skin, parting (by rolling itself in the grass) with its whole external covering, even the outer coat of the eyes scales off, and is left in the head of the slough like a pair of spectacles. 22. Of insects, very few now make their appearance. 23. Apples gathered for cyder-making, which in Worcestershire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire, constitutes a busy and important employment. 24. The fermented juice of apples is called cyder, or *apple wine*—that of pears, *perry*. 25. Hazel nuts gathered in our thickets and gardens.

Ye virgins come, for you their latest song  
The wood-lands raise; the clustering nuts for you  
The lover finds amid the secret shade;  
And where they burnish on the topmost bough,  
With active vigour crushes down the tree,  
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning bush.

26. The oak sheds its acorns, and the nuts fall from the beech, both called *mast*. 27. Turning hogs into forests, an excellent mode of fattening them; curious account of this procedure in Gilpin's Forest scenery \*. 28. On

\* This account shall be given as an extract in our next Number.—Ed.

the *twenty-second* of this month happens the autumnal equinox, at which period the days and nights are equal all over the earth. 29. This, as well as the vernal equinox, often attended with heavy storms of wind and rain, which throw down much of the fruit yet remaining on the trees. 30. At the end of the month the leaves of many trees lose their given colours, and begin their grave autumnal tints, indicative of the approaching desolation of winter.

### LIFE AND WRITINGS OF PINDAR,

#### THE CELEBRATED GRECIAN POET.

PINDAR, the Prince of Lyric Poets, was a native of Thebes, in Bæotia, and began and flourished about the 76th Olympiad, or 520 years before Christ. His family was of the lowest class. His father Scopelinus (or Diophantus) being of the lowest order of musicians. Many strange events are recorded of him at his birth, as we are told of Homer and Virgil, which, for the sake of veracity, is here rejected. From his earliest years he was trained by his father to the study of music; and Lasus Hermiones is mentioned as his tutor in poetry, though the meanness of his father's fortune, it is thought, deprived him of the excellent advantages of a learned education; on which occasion, Vossius says, he used to boast that nature was his only guide in poetry. Whereas his rivals were obliged to have recourse to art; on which account he used to compare himself to the soaring eagle, and the creeping tribe of poets to base croaking ravens. His genius, naturally wild and luxuriant, was corrected by the lessons of his fair countrywomen, Myrtis or Mylto, and Corinna; whose poetical productions had acquired unrivalled fame, not only in Thebes, but in many other cities of Greece.

His

His first public efforts were displayed at the musical contests celebrated in his native country, where, after conquering Myrtis, he was five times overcome by Corinna; but if we may believe the voice of scandal, Corinna owed her repeated victories more to the charms of her beauty, (for she is said to have been the handsomest woman of her age) than to the superiority of her genius. But in the four public assemblies where females were not admitted, he carried off the prize from every competitor.

The glory his poetry both acquired and bestowed at Olympia, made the greatest generals and statesmen ambitious of the honour of his acquaintance. To the temple of the Gods, and especially the celebrated temple of Delphi, his hymns and pœans drew an amazing concourse of strangers and Greeks. The priests, prophets, and other ministers of Apollo, sensible of the benefit they derived from his musical reputation, repaid the merit of his services by erecting him a statue in the most conspicuous part of the temple, where he used to sit on an iron stool, and recite his verses to the honour of Apollo. They likewise declared by their oracle, Pythia, that Pindar should be honoured by one half of the first-fruit offerings, annually presented by the devout retainers of the Delphic shrine. At the Hermonian festival, a portion of the sacred victim was appropriated, in the time of Plutarch, to the descendants of this poet.

Thus was Pindar, during his life-time, associated to the honours of a God, and after his death was treated with every mark of respect that public admiration can bestow; for the beautiful monument erected to him in the Hippodrome of Thebes, was a source of admiration after the revolution of six centuries. The inveterate hostility of the Spartans, when they destroyed the capital of their ancient and cruelest enemies, spared the house of Pindar, which was equally respected in a future age, by the warlike and impetuous son of Philip, and the giddy triumph of his Macedonian captains.

And

And the ruins of this house were to be seen in the time of Pausanias, who lived under Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the Stoic philosopher and Emperor of the Romans, who flourished about 161 years after Christ; so that this cottage stood at least 681 years.

By favouring and applauding the Athenians, who were enemies to the Theban state, he incurred the resentment of his countrymen, who laid him under a severe fine; but the city of Athens made him a present of double the fine, and erected a statue to his honour. The indignity of his defeat by Corinna, did not discourage Hiero, King of Syracuse, from employing Pindar's muse in celebrating his victories in the Grecian games. This prince obtained the prize in the Olympic and Pythic games, and was also victor in the chariot course. These successes were celebrated by the poet, who bestowed the highest praises upon his patron, to whom he ascribed all the virtues of a wise and excellent prince. He made it his prayer to the Gods, that they would bestow upon him all the happiness man was capable of;—they obliged him with an easy death; for he died suddenly in the public theatre, as he was leaning on the knees of a favourite boy. Thus died this celebrated poet in the 66th, though some say 80th year of his age, in the 86th Olympiad.

The lyric poetry of the Greeks united the pleasures of the ear, of the eye, and of the understanding. In the various natures of entertainment consisted its essential merit and perfection; and he only could be entitled "the Prince of Lyric Poets," whose verses happily conspired with the general tendency of this complicated exhibition; by the universal consent of antiquity, this poet was Pindar, who, ever since the eulogium of Horace, has been extolled for the brilliancy of his imagination, the figurative boldness of his diction, the fire, animation, and enthusiasm of his genius.

Pindarum

Pindarum quisquis studet emulari, &c. &c. \*

HORACE, l. 4. Ode 2.

Quintilian says, that Pindar was, beyond all dispute, the most considerable of all the nine Lyric poets; whether we consider his vast genius, or the beauty of his sentences and figures, for the abundance of his thoughts and the agreeable variety of his expressions: and that in respect of his great eloquence, which flows like a torrent, Horace might well think it was impossible for any man ever to imitate him.

Rapin, in his reflections on Aristotle's book of Poesy, remarks, that Pindar was great in his designs, vast in his thoughts, bold in his imaginations, happy in his expressions, and eloquent in his discourse; but, as Rapin observes, his great vivacity hurries him, sometimes, beyond his judgment; his panegyrics are perpetual digressions, where, rambling from his subject, he carries the reader from fable to fable, from illusion to illusion, and from one chimæra to another. But this irregularity is a part of the character of the ode, whose nature and genius require transport.

Gaspar Barthius calls Pindar an ingenious author, and one who possessed an indifferent good stock of learning, with which character Vossius likewise agrees.

"The writings of Pindar," says Melmoth, "abound with grandeur, sublimity, and rapture, and are as a standard of the greatest elevation and transport to which poetry can possibly advance. By his pompous and daring expressions, and by his measures, pathos, and beautiful irregularity; he has so successfully triumphed over all other writers, as to be deservedly styled a perfect master of the sublime, and Prince of Lyric Poets.

"The panegyrics bestowed upon Pindar," says Gillies, "have, generally, more their regularity and wildness of the ode, than the coldness of criticism. Great

\* Mr. Cowley has admirably paraphrased this encomium, which cannot be here inserted on account of its length.

as his ideas are, Pindar is less distinguished by the sublimity of his thoughts and sentiments, than by the grandeur of his language and expression; and that his "inimitable" excellence consists rather in the energy, propriety, and magnificence of his style, so singularly fitted out to associate with the lengthened tones of music and the figured movements of the dance. The uniform cadence, the smooth volubility, and the light importance of ordinary composition, are extremely ill adapted to this association, which bringing every single word into notice, and subjecting it to observation and remark, must expose its natural insignificance and poverty; but as much as the language of ordinary writers would lose, that of Pindar must gain, by such an examination; his words are chosen with an habitual care, and possess a certain dignity of weight, which, the more they are contemplated, the more they are admired.—It is this magnificence of diction, those compound epithets, and those glowing expressions, which the coldness of criticism has condemned as extravagant, that form the transcendent merit of the Pindaric style, and distinguish it more than the general flow of the versification, which is commonly so free, that it bears less resemblance to poetry than to a beautiful and harmonious prose. The majesty of composition equalled, and in the opinion of Dionysius, even surpassed the value of the materials: he adds, "that Pindar gives his words a certain firmness and solidity of consistence, separated them at wide intervals, placed them on a broad basis, and raised them to a lofty eminence, from which they darted those irradiations of splendour which astonished the most distant beholder." "But," says Gillies, "it must be considered, that the works of Pindar are recited now to a great disadvantage. They were anciently sung to large assemblies of men, accompanied with music and dancing, by which they were formerly ennobled and adorned. They are now read in the closet without patriotic emotion, and without personal interest. Such

passages as appear exceptionable in the cool moment of solitary study, would obtain the highest applause amidst the joyous animation of social triumphs.

Besides his odes, Pindar is said to have written tragedies, hymns, poems, dithyrambics, epics, and other poems, in all, seventeen distinct works.

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*FROM THE MISSIONARY VOYAGE.*

AMUSEMENTS

OF

THE OTAHEITANS.

THEIR life is without toil, and every man is at liberty to do, go, and act as he pleases, without the distress of care, or apprehension of want; and as their leisure is great, their sports and amusements are various.

Of these, swimming in the surf appears to afford them singular delight. At this sport both sexes are very dexterous; and the diversion is reckoned great in proportion as the surf runs highest, and breaks with the greatest violence: they will continue at it for hours together, till they are tired. Some make use of a small board, two feet and a half, or more, formed with a sharp point, like the fore-part of a canoe; but others use none, and depend wholly on their own dexterity. They swim out beyond where the swell of the surf begins, which they follow as it rises, throwing themselves on the top of the wave, and steering themselves with one leg, whilst the other is raised out of the water, their breast reposing on the plank, and one hand moving them forward, till the surf begins to gather way: as the rapidity of its motion increases, they are carried onward with the most amazing velocity, till the surf is ready to break on the shore, when, in a moment, they steer themselves round with so quick a movement as to dart  
head



head foremost through the wave, and rising on the outside, swim back again to the place where the surf first begins to swell, diving all the way through the waves, which are running furiously on the shore.

In the course of this amusement they sometimes run foul of each other, when many are swimming together; those who are coming on not being able to stop their motion, and those who are moving the contrary way, unable to keep their sufficient distance, so that they are carried together by the rushing wave, and hurled neck and heels on shore before they can disembarass themselves, and get well bruised on their landing. The women are excellent at this sport; and Iddeah, the queen mother, is reckoned the most expert in the whole island. The children take the same diversion in a weaker surf, learning to swim as soon as they learn to walk, and seldom meet with any accident, except being dashed on the beach; but hardly ever a person is drowned. If a shark comes in among them, they all surround him, and force him on shore, if they can but once get him into the surf, though they use no instruments for the purpose; and should he escape, they continue their sport, unapprehensive of danger. This diversion is most common when the westerly winds prevail, as they are always attended with a heavy swell, which continues many days after the bad weather is abated.

Their amusements on shore are, throwing the spear or javelin, shooting with bows and arrows, wrestling, dancing, and several other games; at all which the women have their turn as well as the men; but they always play separately from each other.

The javelins are from eight to fourteen feet long, and pointed with the *fwharra*, or palm-tree. These they hurl at a mark set up at the distance of thirty or forty yards, with great exactness. They hold the spear in the right hand, and poise it over the fore-finger of the left. At this game one district often plays against another,

but never for any wager, only the district in which they play provides an entertainment.

Their bows are made of porow, and their arrows of small bamboos, pointed with toa wood, which they fix on with bread-fruit gum. The bow-strings are made of the bark of the roava; with these they shoot against each other, not at a mark, but for the greatest distance. They never use this instrument in war; and the clothes they wear on this occasion are sacred to the game, and never worn at any other time. Since they have learned the use of more destructive weapons, the guns, which they have procured from us, they are said to have become excellent marksmen.

They are dexterous wrestlers. When they challenge each other they strike the bend of the left arm with the right hand, and if left-handed, reverse it. The arm being bent, receives the hand on its cavity, and makes a loud report. The man who returns the clap, accepts the challenge, and throws both arms forward, as if to lay hold of his antagonist. The ring is immediately formed, and they close with each other. As soon as the struggle ends with the fall of either, he silently retires, nor incurs any disgrace, and the conqueror goes clapping round the ring. If they wrestle one district against another, the women always wrestle first, and the men succeed. At this, Iddeah, the queen-mother, excels; and when the party is won or lost, the women of the victorious district strike up a dance. Iddeah is usually mistress of the ceremonies, and appoints the number of falls which shall be made: the party which gains that number first is adjudged the victor; and the vanquished expresses not the least dissatisfaction. In general, the women bear their foils worse than the men, and betray most signs of anger at being worsted.

They frequently exercise at quarter-staff; and are very expert at defending their head, and all other parts of their body: this they practise from their tenderest age.

age. The science of defence is a chief object; for a wound in war confers no honour, but rather disgrace, therefore they always hide the scar, if possible.

They practise the sling for amusement, as well as employ it in battle, and throw a stone with great force and tolerable exactness. Their slings are made from the plaited fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, having a broader part to receive the stone: at one end is a loop for the hand, in order to keep the sling fast when they discharge the stone. In charging the sling, they hold it round their shoulders, keeping the stone fast in it with their left thumb, and jumping, swing the sling three times round their heads, holding the left hand grasped on the wrist of the right, and thus discharge the stone with a force sufficient to enter the bark of a tree at two hundred yards distance; the stone flying at an equal distance from the ground, like a bullet, all the way.

Their dances are various. The heiva is performed by men and women in separate parties. The women are most gracefully dressed, and keep exact time with the music during the performance, observing a regular movement both of hands and feet, though nothing resembling our dances. The heiva is usually performed by torch-light. The manner is exactly represented in Cook's Voyages. They generally dance under cover; but, by day, before the houses, unless it rains, having large mats spread on the grass. The women's dress is a long white petticoat of fine cloth, with a red border, and a red stripe about ten inches from the bottom; a kind of vest, or corset, made of white or coloured cloth, comes close up under the arms, and covers the breasts; to this they attach two bunches of black feathers at the point of each breast; several tassels of the same hang round the waist, and fall as low as the knees. Two or three red or black feathers on each fore-finger supply the place of rings. On the back, from the shoulder to the hip, are fixed two large pieces of cloth neatly plaited, like a fan or furbelow, and edged with red. Their heads

heads are ornamented with the tamou, or vast braids of human hair wrapped round like a turban, and stuck full of fragrant and beautiful flowers, intermixed with beads and sharks' teeth: our fine writing-paper was also sometimes applied in addition to these ornaments.

A master of ceremonies directs the movements of the dancers; and when the women retire, their places are supplied by a chorus, who sing with the music, or by actors, who perform pantomimes, seizing the manners of their European visitors, which they imitate in great perfection: not sparing the conduct of their own chiefs, when objects of satire; which serves as a salutary check and admonition; for if they are faulty, they are sure to be publicly exposed.

The houses in which the heivas are performed are open at the ends and in front, the back being screened by matting of cocoa-nut leaves; round the ends and in front of the house there is a low railing of about a foot in height, within which the performers exhibit; and without, the audience sit or stand; the area before the house and the floor are all covered with matting.

Any number of women may perform at once; but as the dress is very expensive, seldom more than two or four dance; and when this is done before the chief, the dresses are presented to him after the heiva is finished; and these contain thirty or forty yards of cloth, from one to four yards wide.

The ponnara, or evening dance, is performed by any number of women, of any age or description, who chuse to attend at the place appointed, which is usually the cool shade. They are dressed in their best apparel, and have their heads decorated with wreaths of flowers. They divide into two equal parts, about twenty yards distant, and placing themselves in rows opposite to each other, a small green bread-fruit is brought by way of foot-ball. The leading dancer of one party takes this in her hand, and, stepping out about midway, drops it before her, and sends it with her foot to the opposite row,

row, returning to her place; if the ball escapes, without being stopped in its course before it touches the ground, they strike up the dance and sing, beating time with their hands and feet; this lasts about five minutes, when they prepare to receive the ball from the other party who have stood still: if they catch the ball, they return it again; if it escape them, the other party dance in their turn. After thus amusing themselves and the spectators for some hours, the ball is kicked away, and both parties strike up together. It is at this time they use the lewd gestures described by some of our voyagers; but these are only practised by the young and wanton, who (says the reporter) are no more to be taken for the standard of manners than the ladies in the Strand, or the sea-nymphs at Spithead, would be specimens of our fair countrywomen.

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## ANECDOTE

OF

JAMES THOMSON,

AUTHOR OF THE SEASONS.

**I** KNOW not whether it was about this time or earlier in his life, that Thomson lived in the family of Lord Binning, in the quality of tutor to some of his children. I have heard or read an anecdote of his conduct while he lived in that situation, which, as it is indeed somewhat trivial, I should not mention here, did it not strikingly bespeak his characteristic sensibility and indolence. A young lady of the family, who was very amiable, had attracted Thomson's most passionate admiration. He durst not reveal his love, nor had he all the opportunities he desired of gazing on her beauty. It happened, however, that his bed-chamber was immediately above that of the fair lady. The ceiling

was

was slight, and the lover contrived to bore a hole through, which he could, whenever he chose, enjoy a bird's-eye view of what passed in his mistress's chamber. As she was one evening undressing herself with her maid's assistance, they were alarmed by the loud snore of a person asleep. The lady was surprised and frightened. But her maid's penetration having before discerned the state of the Tutor's heart, she instantly suspected the snore to issue from his nostrils. A little observation discovered his peeping hole; and the inhuman Abigail, by applying the candle to the orifice, roused the poor lover very abruptly—perhaps from a dream of happiness.

*Heron's Life of Thomson, prefixed to the Perth Edition of the Seasons.*

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THE  
MANNER  
OF  
STONING A CRIMINAL TO DEATH  
AMONG THE ANCIENT JEWS.

**S**TONING was one of the four capital punishments among the Jews, inflicted for the greater and more enormous crimes; especially for blasphemy and idolatry.

The malefactor was led out of the consistory (where he had received sentence) at the door whereof a person stood with a napkin in his hand, and a man on horseback at some distance from him; that, if any one came and said *he had something to offer for the deliverance of the criminal*, the horseman (on the others waving the napkin) might give notice, and cause the offender to be brought back to a farther hearing.

He had two grave persons to go along with him to the place of execution, and to exhort him to confession  
by

by the way. A cryer went before him, proclaiming who he was, what his crime, and who his witnesses. When arrived at the fatal spot, which was raised two cubits from the ground, he was first stripped, then stoned, and afterwards hanged. He was to continue hanging till sun-set; and then being taken down, he and his gibbet were buried together.

(See *Carve's Life of St. Stephen*, Sect. 9.)

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## THE DRAMA.

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### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

**W**EDNESDAY, August 21st. A new play, entitled the *Red Cross Knights*, was brought forward this evening. It is taken from SCHILLER's famous tragedy of the *Robbers*; and is accompanied by some pleasing music, scenery, and decorations.

The scene is laid in Spain, where *Ferdinand*, the only son of *Count Desmond*, is supplanted in his father's affections by the base conduct of *Roderic*, the son of the Countess by a former husband. *Ferdinand*, driven to despair, enters the army, and displays the utmost valour against the Moors. Returning, however, sometime after to his father's castle in disguise, he finds his beloved *Eugenia* on the eve of marriage with *Roderic*, who is in possession of his inheritance, the *Old Count* being supposed to be dead. *Ferdinand*, by accident, discovers that he is alive in a dungeon, into which he was thrown by the artifices of *Roderic*. He is almost immediately released

released. *Ferdinand* is restored to his mistress, and the execrable *Roderic* is delivered over to an exemplary punishment. Such are the general outlines of the plot; and considered with respect to the German original, in which *horror* predominates, this *Alteration*, attributed by common report to MR. HOLMAN, may be deemed an improvement.

The *characters* in this play were not very impressive, except *Eugenia*, who had one great scene for exertion. *Ferdinand* and *Roderic*, indeed, appear with advantage in various parts; but the rest are mere shadows. The language does not possess any peculiar energy or beauty, excepting in the last act, where *Ferdinand* discovers his father; this is a scene calculated to rouse all our feelings, and with which, of course, we were much gratified. The music is a judicious selection, comprising several good marches, and a few exquisite airs, executed by MRS. BLAND with her usual felicity.

The dresses are splendid, and we were pleased with the Moorish palace, and a great variety of rural views, which constitute the scenery. The Prologue was spoken by MR. TRUEMAN. It is a composition in praise of knight errantry, and announces the play as an improved copy, in respect to the moral, from the German school. It was announced for further exhibition with an indifferent approbation.

SEPTEMBER 10. Miss Campbell made her first appearance here this evening in the character of *Julia*, in the *Surrender of Calais*. This lady comes from the theatre of Newcastle. Her person is middle-sized, neatly proportioned, and genteel. There was a delicacy in her tone of voice, though too much depressed by timidity; and her whole manner was characterised by ease and refinement. Her talent seems to lie in genteel comedy,



comedy, where we have no doubt she will acquit herself with considerable ability.

14th. This theatre closed for the season this evening; the company was brilliant, consisting of the Prince of Wales, Lord Moira, the Dutchess of Devonshire, and other persons of distinction. Mr. FAWCETT, at the conclusion, delivered a neat address of thanks, in which he regretted the brevity of their Summer career; and acknowledged, in terms of gratitude, their numerous obligations for the attendance with which they had been honoured. "However his term," said MR. FAWCETT, "may have been reduced—however he may regret that he has sported for so short a period in the sun-shine of your favour, still your beams have cheered him during his brief summer, and he is fully sensible of their warmth."

#### COVENT GARDEN.

SEPTEMBER 16. This theatre opened with the comedy of *Laugh When You Can*, and the opera of *Rosina*. The performers were greeted upon their appearance by the audience, who renewed their acquaintance with them in tokens of exultation. MATTOCKS, LEWIS, MUNDEN, and INCLEDON, were among the number received with the greatest pleasure. A Prefatory Address, delivered by Mr. Pope, contained an eulogium on our recent military exertions, and a modest claim to the patronage of the public.

The improvements of the house were equal to our expectations. The fronts of the boxes are painted in compartments, of which the pannel is a delicate rose-pink, framed in gold, the frames white; and the whole produces a rich and brilliant effect.

SEPTEMBER 18. MRS. DIBDIN made her *debut* here as *Aura*, in the *Farm House*. She sustained the part

part with great spirit, and even bold in male disguise. The audience were much pleased with her exertions, and she was honoured with repeated tokens of approbation.

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### DRURY-LANE.

SEPTEMBER 17. This theatre commenced its career this evening with the *Castle Spectre* and the *Prize*. MISS BIGGS, MISS DE CAMP, MRS. WALCOT, MR. BANNISTER, MR. C. KEMBLE, MR. PALMER, &c. were greeted with reiterated plaudits. The interior of the house remains much the same; for taste and genius have already exhausted themselves in the decorations by which it has been embellished on a former occasion. The fronts of the boxes, indeed, have been burnished into their native brightness; and the entire *coup d'œil* has a grand effect.

We shall now have to record, in this, our Dramatic Register, the novelties of these two great theatres during the ensuing winter. Even the *ghosts* and *apparitions* which may be introduced in grisly array, shall not affright us; we shall at least attempt to grasp the phantoms, and present them, with their pallid charms, to the eye of gaping curiosity.

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THE  
*PARNASSIAN GARLAND,*

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1799.

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THE  
*PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.*  
AN ODE.

*Aurea Libertas, canimus tua dona, Britanni!*

I. 1.

WHAT time in glitt'ring armour drest,  
The Roman wav'd his plumy crest,  
And, rushing to the glorious war,  
Britannia drove her scythed car;  
The goddess freedom took her stand,  
Triumphant on this rocky strand.

In vain the British breast is gor'd;  
Again they bleed, again they die;  
Urg'd by the love of liberty,

Unconquer'd still they wield the sword.  
At length the regions of the north  
Pour'd a resistless deluge forth;  
Rome bows—the falls, and Britain free  
Spurns the base yoke of slavery:  
O'er all the land the light of freedom shone,  
And independance grac'd her sacred throne.

I. 2.

At Hengist's sable arms dismay'd,  
Away the trembling goddess fled,  
VOL. VIII. G

On Cambria's rocks she fix'd her reign,  
 And gloried in her bleak domain;  
 Yet still her sons for glory burn,  
 Her heroes bleed, her widows mourn.  
 Pale mis'ry call'd the aid of death,  
 Fell slaughter shakes her fun'ral brand,  
 The tyrant wastes the groaning land,  
 And carnage dyes the crimson'd heath.  
 Far from the rage of scepter'd pow'r,  
 Where Snowdon's rocky summits low'r,  
 Thou, goddess, badst thy flame still glow,  
 Encircled with eternal snow;  
 O'er the rude coast thy awful glories shine,  
 And great Plinlimmon hails thy reign divine!

## I. 3.

Long, in vain, the tyrant tried  
 To scale the shaggy mountain's side:  
 Hark! 'tis the din of battle loud,  
 That sounds o'er Conway's distant flood;  
 Fearless, 'midst an host of foes,  
 Breast to breast thy chiefs oppose.  
 Heard ye the shout of victory?  
 Rushing from yon airy height  
 They drive the slaves in headlong flight—  
 They fall, they bleed, they die.  
 Red ran the stream, and warriors slain,  
 With carnage heap'd the purple plain;  
 The free-born Cambrian, 'midst the clash of arms,  
 Nods his terrific crest and smiles at war's alarms.

## II. 1.

Beneath the Norman's tyrant pow'r  
 Britannia sunk in evil hour.  
 Where is thy patriot-spirit fled?  
 Fall'n is the consecrated\* head;  
 On Hastings' plain, in glorious strife,  
 The monarch lost his sacred life;

\* Harold.

Besmeared with blood a corse he lay,  
 Long time for him did Britain mourn,  
 Her heroes bleed, her cities burn,  
 Her harvests fall—to force a prey.  
 Ah! lost is all that wonted fire,  
 That whilom did your breasts inspire;  
 Beneath the straw-built roof, unstrung,  
 Each Briton's useless bow is hung,  
 Whilst proud oppression calls her vengeful band,  
 And rules with iron sway the wasted land.

II. 2.

At length in shining arms array'd,  
 Again they call thy powerful aid;  
 The lion rears his tawny breast,  
 Fierce rising from the bed of rest;  
 He roars, he spurns the servile chain,  
 And vindicates his just domain.  
 With angry blows his sides resound,  
 His eye-balls glare, his fury glows;  
 Eager to meet his tyrant foes,  
 With rage inflam'd he tears the ground:  
 With breathless haste before him fly  
 The trembling train of tyranny.  
 Thou, goddess, to the brave a friend,  
 Come, from thy cloud-capt hills descend;  
 O'er the blest isle diffuse thy genial ray,  
 Let Britain smile beneath returning day.

II. 3.

Thou can'st wake the warlike soul,  
 Shivering near th' inclement pole,  
 Or, scorched beneath the torrid rays,  
 Where beams the sun's meridian blaze.  
 Long on Snowdon's haughty brow,  
 Frowning o'er the wave below,  
 Fair freedom took her armed stand:  
 Issuing to the fertile plain,  
 That willing own'd her gentle reign,  
 She frees her favourite land.

At Runemedé, in gorgeous state,  
 Her daring sons the goddesses met;  
 Rous'd by the hopes her cheering smiles inspire,  
 Each British bosom flames with more than mortal fire.

## III. 1.

Encircled by his Barons bold,  
 Where shone the tent with waving gold,  
 The tyrant king, no longer free,  
 The charter signs of liberty.  
 The trumpet swells its brazen throat,  
 And fame straight caught the lofty note.  
 Freed from a monarch's angry nod,  
 Britannia then her bondage broke,  
 With scorn she spurns the galling yoke,  
 No more she dreads th' oppressor's rod.  
 O'er ev'ry hill and vale around,  
 Th' exulting strains of joy resound,  
 Whilst shaking high the glitt'ring lance,  
 Dauntless she leads the Pyrrhic dance;  
 Now rang the echoing woods with loud applause,  
 Whilst Britain gives her haughty sov'reign laws.

## III. 2.

O'er Albion's unpolluted groves,  
 The silver-plumed goddesses roves;  
 The first and fairest of the train,  
 Science adorn'd her peaceful reign,  
 The lofty nymph, to whom belong  
 The golden lyre, th' immortal song.  
 Oft were her midnight footsteps seen,  
 By heav'nly contemplation led,  
 Slow wand'ring o'er the dewy mead,  
 Where, winding thro' the daisied green,  
 Avon's smooth stream in chrystal pride,  
 Reflects each flow'ret by its side;  
 Oft watching in the starry sphere,  
 The motions of the various year:  
 From Pindar's groves she calls the tuneful nine,  
 And Britain's shore receives the train divine.

III. 3.

Albion, soon thy poets free  
 Pour'd their soft stores of harmony;  
 And dancing in the verdant grove,  
 Fair Venus led the train of love;  
 Yellow Ceres o'er thy breast,  
 Smiling flung her wavy vest.  
 Here genial freedom fix'd her seat,  
 Ruby-crested glory shone,  
 Refulgent near her sacred throne,  
 Attendant on her state.  
 Then commerce blest thy silver strand,  
 And scatter'd plenty o'er the land:  
 Dear, sacred isle! ne'er shall these honours die,  
 For arts and arms renown'd, the land of liberty.

A.

ODE TO THE RIVER CAM.

BY MR. GEORGE DYER.

[From the *Annual Anthology* for 1799.]

WHILE yon sky-lark warbles high,  
 While yon rustic whistles gay,  
 On thy banks, oh! Cam, I lie,  
 Musing pour the pensive lay.  
 Willowy Cam, thy lingering stream  
 Suits too well the thoughtful breast;  
 Languor here might love to dream,  
 Sorrow here might sigh to rest.  
 Near yon steeple's tapering height,  
 Beauteous Julia, thou art laid;  
 I could linger through the night  
 Still to mourn thee, lovely maid!  
 In yon garden fancy reads—  
 "Sophron strays no longer here,"  
 Then again my bosom bleeds:  
 Then I drop the silent tear.

Hoary Cam, steal slow along :  
Near yon desolated grove  
Sleep the partners of my song,  
There with them I wont to rove.  
He, the youth of fairest fame,  
Hasten'd to an early tomb—  
Friendship shall record his name,  
Pity mourn his hapless doom.

Hark ! I hear the death-bell sound !  
There's another spirit fled !  
Still mine ears the tidings wound ;  
Philo slumbers with the dead.  
Well he knew the critic's part,  
Shakespeare's name to him was dear ;  
Kind and gentle was his heart,  
Now again I drop a tear.

Bending sad beside thy stream,  
While I heave the frequent sigh,  
Do thy rippling waters gleam,  
Sympathetic murm'ring by ?  
Then, oh ! Cam, will I return,  
Hail thy soothing stream again,  
And as viewing Julia's urn,  
Grateful blest thee in my strain.

Still there are, who raptur'd view  
Scenes, which youthful hopes endear ;  
Here they science still can woo,  
Still they love to wander here.  
Peace they meet in every grove ;  
Lives again the rapturous song ;  
Sweetly sportive still they rove,  
Cam ! thy sedgy banks along.

Stately streams, and glens, and lakes,  
They can leave to Scotia's plains,  
Mountains hoar, and vales, and brakes,  
They resign to Cambrian swains.  
But these placid scenes full well  
Suit the quiet musing breast ;  
Here, if fancy may not dwell,  
Science shall delight to rest.



LINES

ON SPRING.

CALM'D is the roaring of the billowy main—  
The orient beams—the stormy clouds are fled,  
Zephyrus woos the blue-ey'd Naiads again,  
The growling north-east seeks his cavy bed.

Freed by the potent sun's enliv'ning ray,  
Fair nature pleas'd, with animation smiles;  
Each scene to decorate with flow'rets gay,  
With tasteful hand laboriously she toils.

Lo! at his magic touch, the primrose blows,  
The purple violets grateful odours shed,  
Amid the humid marth the cowslip glows,  
And modest daisies ornament the mead.

The garden now its flow'ry pride displays,  
In robe imperial, shines the crocus fair,  
A spotless stole the snow-drop fair arrays,  
The beauteous hyacinth perfumes the air.

And gay, in vernal charms, the shrubb'ry's seen,  
What various hues and blossoms charm the eye!  
The hawthorn blooms, the copse is clad with green,  
The shadowy grove resounds with harmony.

Their matin hymns the larks now sing with glee,  
If day's bright regent does the sky illumine;  
And sweet the murmur of the busy bee,  
That sucks the honey from the orchard's bloom.

High on the breezy downs, and on the plains,  
Innumerable lambkins sport, and bleat their joy;  
Wildly melodious pipe the shepherd swains,  
And spring's gay jubilee meets no alloy.

Wav'd by the gale there embryo harvests grow,  
And ev'ry verdant blade is burnish'd high,  
The glitt'ring rivers murmur as they flow,  
Serene and cloudless is the azure sky.

The silent shade reflection now may seek,  
 And muse on actions past with pure delight,  
 As memory pictures deeds of childhood meek,  
 Or manhood's firmness in the paths of right.  
 And mad ambition, whose ferocious breast  
 Throb'd with wild joy, when conquest crown'd his  
 arms,  
 Amidst these tranquil scenes may love to rest,  
 And be enamour'd of fair virtue's charms.  
 Here modest beauty, from licentious gaze,  
 Unveil'd may wander peaceful thro' the grove :  
 And age rever'd, may spend his fragile days,  
 Blest with the smiles of happiness and love.

ELEANOR

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### NEGLECT.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

AH! cold neglect—more chilling far  
 Than Zembla's blast or Scythia's snow;  
 Sure born beneath a luckless star  
 Is he, who after ev'ry pain,  
 Has wrung his bosom's central vein,  
 To fill his bitter cup of woe,  
 Is destin'd *thee* to know.

The smiles of fame, the pride of truth,  
 All that can lift the glowing mind,  
 The noblest energies of youth—  
 Wit, valour, genius, science, taste ;  
 A form by all that's lovely grac'd,  
 A soul where virtue dwells enshrind,  
 A prey to *thee* we find !

The spring of life looks fresh and gay,  
 The flowers of fancy bud around,  
 We think that ev'ry morn is May ;  
 While hope and rapture fill the breast,  
 We hold reflection's lore a jest,  
 Nor own that sorrow's shaft can wound,  
 Till *cold neglect* is found.

Ah! then how sad the world appears!  
 How false, how idle are the gay!  
 Morn only breaks to witness tears,  
 And ev'ning closes but to shew  
 That darkness mimics human woe,  
 And life's best scene, a summer's day  
 That shines and fades away.

Some dread disease, and others woe;  
 Some visionary torments see;  
 Some shrink unpitied love to know,  
 Some writhe beneath oppression's fangs,  
 And some with jealous hopeless pangs;  
 But whatso'er my fate may be,  
 Oh! keep *neglect* from me!

E'en after death let mem'ry's hand,  
 Directed by the moon-light ray,  
 Weave o'er my grave a cypress-band,  
 And bind the sod with curious care,  
 And scatter flow'rets fresh and fair;  
 And oft the sacred tribute pay  
 To keep *neglect* away!

### SUMMER'S EVE.

PLACID eve succeeds the day;  
 Sol withdraws his scorching ray;  
 Now the zephyr's whisp'ring breeze  
 Wantons through the waving trees;  
 Ruddy streaks suffuse the sky,  
 Heifers ruminating lie;  
 Woolly flocks in meadows bleat,  
 Frogs their hollow croaks repeat;  
 Grateful dews on plains descend,  
 Verdant hills their shades extend;  
 Rustics, as they trudge along,  
 Greet the evening with a song;  
 Rooks their pasturage forsake,  
 Skims the swallow o'er the lake;  
 Plumy minstrels of the groves  
 Cease to carol forth their loves;

Each retiring to its nest,  
 Courts the silent hour of rest.  
 Hark ! receding from the shore,  
 Ocean's far-off waters roar ;  
 Sea-mews their white pennons lave,  
 Plunging in the curling wave ;  
 Now the ambient shades of night  
 Screen the landscape from the sight.

W. CASE, JULY.

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ON THE  
*DEATH OF CAPTAIN WESTCOTT,*  
 WHO FELL ON BOARD THE MAJESTIC, 1st  
 AUGUST, 1798.

**W**HILST every shore re-echoes Nelson's name,  
 And recent conquest swells Britannia's fame ;  
 Whilst a glad nation's lō Pœans rise  
 In joyful chorus to the vaulted skies ;  
 O let the muse lament brave Westcott's doom,  
 And strew fair laurels o'er his briny tomb—  
 Nurtur'd in youth upon the wat'ry plain,  
 He brav'd the thousand perils of the main,  
 And gain'd, at length, a title justly due,  
 The honour'd father of his gallant crew.  
 Prudence was his, and unremitting zeal,  
 And mercy—prompt a captive's woes to heal ;  
 His country's cause his patriot-bosom fir'd,  
 And in that cause he fought—he fell—expir'd.

W. CASE, JUNY.

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*GUELPHO AND ERMINIA.*

**B**LEAK blew the wind, dark was the night,  
 The storm pour'd down amain,  
 Black rolling clouds obscur'd the light,  
 The moon was in its wane,

The barn-dog howl'd—loud scream'd the glee,  
The speckled toad hiss'd dire,  
GUELPHO urg'd his flying steed  
O'er wild-fern, brake, and briar.

And now the livid light'nings glare,  
And now the thunders roll,  
The bat flits thro' the troubled air,  
And skims the murky pool.

The forest's track he now pursues,  
Whose winding mazes lead  
To where obscure and nightly crews  
Recount the bloody deed.

He saw the gloomy turrets rise,  
He heard the bell toll "ONE"—  
Hope to my soul he joyful cries,  
The deed of death is done.

GUASCO's true—ERMINIA's dead,  
To wayward love a prey—  
Howl! howl, ye winds! ye lightnings fled  
A momentary day.

And see the glimmering lights appear,  
How swift they dart along;  
Methinks I see her hallow'd bier,  
Unblest with funeral song.

Methinks I view her blood-stain'd breast,  
The dagger's grisly wound;  
Not mine the deed, but my behest,  
Consign'd thee to the tomb.

W. MUDFORD.

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SONNET TO THE OAK.

EMBLEM of honest worth, majestic tree,  
Thy country's glory and the forest's pride;  
Full oft has friendship carv'd thy knotted side,  
And found a faithful register in thee.

Unlike the foppish flower that rears its head,  
 When the proud sun from Cancer flings his rays;  
 The first chill blast of autumn frowns it dead,  
 Blights all its sweetness, and its form decays:

While pelting winter, from the frigid pole,  
 In vain assaults thy time-defying form;  
 Thy branches brave the seasons as they roll,  
 Enjoy the sunshine and endure the storm;  
 Alike the chaste and philosophic mind,  
 Which no misfortunes permanently bind.

CIVIS.

## SONNET.

AND thus is happiness for ever flown!  
 And thus life's prospects joylessly decline!  
 The sunless chambers of despair alone  
 The world affords, and *these* alone are mine.

The faithful hind, in nature's peaceful vale,  
 Wakes with the dawn and greets the solar ray;  
 No self-created cares be-cloud his day,  
 Nor friends deceive, nor fortune's veering gale.

I envy him alone who envies none—  
 That sings to please himself, and not the throng;  
 Thrice happy he! for ev'ry rising sun  
 Renews his daily blessings, and his song.  
 Alas! for me, with each revolving day,  
 My cares must still increase, my happiness decay.

Wolverhampton,  
 June 14th, 1799.

CIVIS.

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## Literary Review.

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*View of the Russian Empire during the Reign of Catharine the Second, and to the Close of the present Century. By William Tooke, F. R. S. Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, and of the Economical Society at St. Petersburg. In Three Volumes. Longman. 1l. 7s.*

THE Russian empire, at the commencement of the present century, emerged from its obscurity, and is now becoming the most renowned among the nations of the earth. We are glad, therefore, to have recourse to an author who can satisfy our curiosity respecting it. Mr. Tooke is already known to the public by his entertaining *Life of the late Empress*, an account of which was given in our last Review. That the author is well qualified for the task he has here undertaken, will abundantly appear from the perusal of this accurate and laborious work. The Advertisement is so full and expressive of the nature and tendency of the work, that we shall insert it.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

“The Russian empire, which in various respects now fixes the attention of Europe, has for several years been the subject of a multitude of investigations and writings, by which the knowledge of that country is considerably improved and enlarged. The care which Catharine the Second, from her first accession to the throne, and during the whole of her reign, devoted to the cultivation of this knowledge, has been attended with so much success, that Russia, which, prior to the year 1762, was a sort of terra incognita in our part of the globe, is

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now in possession of a very considerable store of materials, from which the present state of this remarkable country may be illustrated and described. The first and most important step to the elucidation of the natural and moral condition of Russia, was the appointment of the academicians of St. Petersburg to travel for the purpose of exploring its qualities in both these respects; and their journals still form the basis of all that we know with certainty of the internal state of this extensive empire. These important discoveries assisted the zeal of some industrious foreigners, who either in the country itself, or by correspondence and connections, collected useful materials, and communicated the result of their labours to the public. By the introduction of the governments, which, besides the beneficial effects they produced on the political administration of the empire, greatly assisted the knowledge of the country; by the admeasurement and survey of the districts assigned them, which facilitated the construction of special charts on a more accurate plan; by the more adequate enumeration of the people, &c. but, above all, by the wise and enlightened publicity with which it was allowed to treat of these matters, this knowledge acquired such a powerful accession, that the idea of a systematical digest of all the necessary materials, was no longer to be considered as a vain speculation. Busching at first, and after him Messrs. Schlœtzer, Herrmann, Hupel, and lastly Storch, drew up their topographies and statistics of the empire; still, however, the voluminous journals of the academicians lay unopened to this country, and the travels of Pallas, Guldenstädt, Georgi, Lepechin, Falk, the Gmelins, Fischer, and others, were in England known only by the occasional mention of their extraordinary value, with deserved encomiums on the talents and labours of their authors, in the reports of our countrymen on their return from a transient visit to St. Petersburg.

"Having passed the greater part of the long reign of the late Empress, in her dominions; favoured for many years with the friendship and intimacy of two successive directors of the academy, with free access to its libraries and collections, and being personally acquainted with several of the travellers themselves, I presume to lay before the public this View of the Russian Empire, in which I have faithfully followed the au-

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thors abovementioned, and delivered my vouchers wherever it was necessary, as the reader will generally find at the foot of the pages.

"I have bestowed much care and pains in the compilation of this work from the learned writers abovementioned and other authentic sources; and this is all the merit to which I pretend; yet would it be the height of arrogance to expect that it can be free from faults; these must be submitted to the indulgence of the reader: however, amidst the great variety of matter, and the several authors in various languages consulted, I am far more apprehensive that some things should, in spite of all my diligence, be found repeated, than that any thing of consequence is omitted. Fine flowing periods and the finished graces of diction, are certainly not to be expected in a work of this nature; and if I have not failed in rendering it both interesting and entertaining I shall be perfectly satisfied.

"Russia, an empire but little known or regarded in the last century, at the opening of the present made her appearance all at once among the states of Europe; and, after a short trial of her powers, became the umpire and the arbitress of the North. The whole system of Europe took another form; the arctic eagle extended her influence to the regions of the Adriatic and the banks of the Tagus, while the lightning of her eye struck terror into the recesses of mount Caucasus and made the Hellespont tremble. The arts of Europe were transplanted and bloomed both on the shores of the Nevá and those of the Irtysh; a new world was opened to commerce, and the sciences, the manners, the luxury, the virtues, and the vices of western Europe, have found their way into the deserts of oriental Asia, and to the inhospitable coasts of the Frozen Ocean. The æra of these remarkable phenomena was the commencement of the eighteenth century\*.

"Arrived at the extreme verge of that period, it must be curious and instructive to look back and compare the two

\* In the year 1697 Peter the Great began his first journey into foreign countries. In 1699 he concluded the armistice with the Porte, by which he acquired Azof, and was enabled to construct a navy on the Euxine. In 1700 the battle of Narva was fought, where the Swedes for the last time shewed their superiority in discipline and the arts of war.

epochas together. To consider what Russia was at the beginning of this century, to see what the successors of Peter have built on the foundation laid by that great and aspiring genius, what progress has been since made by civilization, and what impression the rapid and violent introduction of foreign manners, the settlement of so many thousand foreigners, and the intercourse with foreign nations, have produced.

"In order to satisfy himself on these particulars, the reader will here see a complete arrangement as far as it goes, of statements drawn from authentic sources, of facts related by eye-witnesses of what they deliver, men of science sent out for the express purpose of collecting information on the state of the countries they were to visit, furnished on their expedition with every accommodation that could possibly be procured, for facilitating their inquiries and freeing their minds from all solitudes about collateral objects of security and subsistence. The same generous patronage and care was continued to them on their return: they sat down in ease and affluence to commit the result of their inquiries to paper; and the substance of what they relate will be found in the following pages. This is all that seems necessary for me to say; and I humbly conclude in the words of the historian: "Si in tanta scriptorum turba mea fama in obscuro sit; nobilitate & magnitudine eorum, qui nomini officient meo, me consolet."

The whole performance is distributed into twelve books, embracing the following interesting topics: *The Natural State of the Empire. Historical View of the Nations of the Russian Empire. Physical State of the Inhabitants. Several Ranks and Classes of the Subjects. Government of the Empire. Forces of the Russian Empire. Revenues of the Empire. Imperial Colleges. Erection of the Vice-Royalties. Productive Industry. Manufactures and Trades; and the Commerce of Russia.* From the enumeration of these subjects it is evident that Mr. Tooke has taken a wide sweep, and presents the reader with a fund of instruction and entertainment.

The natural history of Russia is that part of the work with which we were most amused; and the sketch of the DOG, which is curious, shall be transcribed:

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" In concluding this section; let us not omit a race of animals, which, though forming, in all countries, a part of the domestic animals, yet in Russia alone is applied in an extremely curious manner to the service and accommodation of mankind. It is the DOG, of whom numerous packs are found with almost all the nomadic nations, and are used for draught particularly by the Kamtshadales and the Ostiaks, by the eastern Samoyedes, the Tunguses, and by some stems of the Mandshures: an employment to which they are destined even among the Russians in the government of Irkutsk, where in some districts they supply the place of post-horses. But nowhere is the breed of this animal of such importance and necessity as in Kamtschatka \*, where they constitute the only species of tame domestic animals, and where it is as impossible to dispense with them, as in other countries with horned cattle or the horse. The Kamtshadale dogs are in size and shape little different from the large Russian boor-dog; but their manners are almost totally changed by their course of training, diet, and treatment. They are held to be the best and most long-winded runners of all the Siberian dogs, and their spirit is so great that they frequently dislocate their joints in drawing, and their hair is often tinged with red from the extravasation of blood occasioned by violent exertions. They possess so much strength that four of them, which are commonly harnessed to a sledge, draw with ease three full-grown persons with a pood and a half of baggage. The ordinary loading of four dogs amounts to five or six poods, and a single man can in this manner, in bad roads, go thirty or forty, but in good roads eighty to a hundred and forty versts a day. The deep snow which the dogs run over without breaking in; the steep mountains and narrow passes in the vallies; the thick impassable forests; the numerous streams and brooks that are either not at all or but slightly frozen over; the storms which drift the snow and efface every vestige of a track:—all these circumstances together would prevent the travelling with horses, had they ever so many of them, in winter at least; and it is, therefore, very probable that the dog, even under the highest pitch of civilization to which Kamtschatka can attain,

\* Steller's beschreib, von. Kamtschatka, p. 132—140.  
P. 370—374.

would be always the principal and most serviceable animal for draught. Accordingly the taste for dogs is here as great as elsewhere it is for horses, and considerable sums are not unfrequently expended in the purchase of them and on the elegance of their trappings.

"The manner in which these animals are trained to their singular employment has so powerful an influence on the individual properties of the whole species, that the description of it will not be uninteresting even to the philosophic reader. For proper draught-dogs the choice is principally made of such as have high legs, long ears, a sharp muzzle, a broad crupper, and thick heads, and discover great vivacity. As soon as the puppies are able to see, they are thrown into a dark pit, where they remain shut up till they are thought sufficiently strong to undergo a trial. They are then harnessed with other trained dogs to a sledge, with which they scamper away with all their might, being frightened by the light and by so many strange objects. After this short trial they are again confined to their gloomy dungeon, and this practice is repeated till they are inured to the business of drawing, and are obedient to their driver. From this moment begins their hard and miserable course, only alleviated by the short recreation the summer affords them. As in this season they are of no service, nobody cares about them, but they enjoy a perfect liberty, which they principally employ in assuaging their hunger. Their sole nourishment consists of fish, which they watch for all this time by the brinks of rivers, and which they catch with great dexterity and cunning. When they have plenty of this food, like the bears, they devour only the heads and leave the rest behind.

"This respite, however, lasts only till October, when every proprietor assembles his dogs and ties them up in a place adjoining to his dwelling, where they must be kept on spare regimen to bring down their superfluous fat, that they may be rendered more fit for running. With the first fall of snow commences their time of torment; and then day and night is heard their dreadful howling, in which they seem to bewail their miserable fate. With the hard lot these animals have to bear the winter through, their food consists only of soured or dried fish in a state of corruption, and even this they are only allowed, as the better diet, to refresh and invigorate them, as

it is observed that they become nice and more easily tired on receiving this delicacy shortly before they set out on a journey. Their ordinary sustenance is mouldy dried fish, a treat at which they can seldom satisfy their appetite without bleeding jaws, as the greater part of it consists of bones and teeth. This hard usage, however, they generally revenge by the amazing voracity which spares no object on which they can lay hold. With thievish artifice they mount the ladder to the aerial cupboard of their tyrannical master; with unnatural greediness they prey upon his thongs, straps, and leathers, wherever they find them; and the depravity of their taste is such, that rarely can a Kamtshadale incline in obedience to the ignobler calls of nature, without first arming himself with a whip, as at all times a ravenous pack is ready to contend even to blood for his loathsome leavings.

"Not only in their voracity, however, but in the whole individuality of their brutal behaviour this depravity is ever conspicuous. Instead of the vigilance, fidelity, and attachment which the dog everywhere shews for his feeder, and therefore has in all nations been made the symbol of these virtues, the Kamtshadale dog has assumed the character of a crafty slave. Sly and unfriendly he shuns the look of his master; unconcerned about the safety of his property, he will not stir to defend it against a stranger. Timid and sullen, he sneaks prowling alone, still leering on every side from suspicion. It is only by artifice and deceit that they can be harnessed to the sledge; while this is doing, they all stretch their heads upwards and set up a melancholy yell, but as soon as the sledge is in motion, they are suddenly mute, and then by a hundred artful tricks seem to vie with each other to weary the patience of the driver, or resolved to bring his life into jeopardy. On coming to a dangerous place they redouble their speed: where, to avoid being precipitated down a steep mountain or plunged into a deep river, he is commonly forced to abandon the sledge, which seldom fails of being broken to pieces, and he only finds it again at the next village, if the dogs have not been so lucky as to set themselves free outright.

"Yet the dog of Kamtshatka, though so degenerate from the rest of his kind, is not deficient in qualities by which he may be serviceable to man when he pleases. Besides the advantage

vantage of being able with these light creatures to traverse the trackless mountains and proceed along the surface of deep ridges of snow, they are also excellent guides on the dreary way, as in the most pitchy darkness and in the most tremendous storms of snow they find out the place for which their master is bound. If the storm be so violent that, unable to proceed, they must remain on the spot, as not unfrequently happens, the dogs lie by the side of their master, and preserve his life by their natural warmth. They likewise give infallible notice of approaching storms, by scratching holes in the snow and endeavouring to shelter themselves in them. By these and many other good qualities, the Kamtschadale dogs by far overbalance the mischiefs they do by their perversity; and to what other cause but the tyrannical treatment they receive from hard-hearted man, is the blame of this perversity to be ascribed? Great as their rogueries may be, they scorn comparison with the cold and selfish ingratitude which these degraded animals, chained to perpetual bondage and stripes, endure from mankind. Scarcely has the Kamtschadale dog, worn out by the weight of his bodily sufferings, arrived at a premature old age, in which he is unfit any longer to draw, than his inexorable master exacts of him the last surrender he is able to make—his skin; and the same cruelly treated slave, who during his short and painful life has so often imparted his animal warmth to his merciless tyrant, affords him the same service and in the same manner even after his death.”

Other extracts, equally entertaining, shall be brought forward by us in our future numbers; and they will shew that our praises of this work were justly bestowed. Russia is in every respect a rising empire, and may hereafter become what Greece and Rome were in the ages of antiquity! Its history, therefore, is particularly interesting to inquisitive minds; nor can it be contemplated with indifference by persons who feel for the future welfare of mankind. The melioration of so large a portion of Europe is an object of delightful consideration, and the means by which this wonderful reformation was effected are here amply detailed.

*A Compendious System of Astronomy, in a Course of Familiar Lectures, in which the Principles of that Science are clearly elucidated, so as to be intelligible to those who have not studied the Mathematics; also Trigonometrical and Celestial Problems, with a Key to the Ephemeris, and a Vocabulary of the Terms of Science used in the Lectures, which latter are explained agreeably to their Application in them. By Margaret Bryan. Second Edition. Wallis. 12s. in Boards.*

THE interesting science of astronomy is here explained with singular felicity; and from an attentive perusal of this volume, we have it in our power to pronounce it a valuable acquisition to the rising generation. The diffusion of science is connected with the welfare of the human species; and to this industrious lady we feel high obligations.

The work is recommended by the celebrated Charles Hutton, author of the Mathematical Dictionary, a performance of immense erudition, and by which the fame of its author is fully established.

Mrs. Bryan has distributed her subject into *ten* lectures, many of which are of considerable length; and they are interspersed with several ingenious diagrams, by which the statements are well illustrated. It would have been an improvement could the engraving be unfolded beyond the margin of the pages; but it is a defect common to such kind of publications.

The style is perspicuous and animated, especially where topics are explained; but sometimes too metaphorical in the address to the pupils. The whole, however, displays so much ingenuity, and so much good intention in the moral reflections, that we give the production our heartiest approbation.

The Second Lecture, which embraces the History of Astronomy, is full of entertainment; we shall transcribe

cribe the concluding part of it, in which the REFORMATION of the CALENDAR is elucidated.

“ I do not think that it could afford you either entertainment or useful instruction were I to relate all the different subdivisions of time, or variations in the CALENDAR, since the course of the year was established; I shall therefore only mention such circumstances of it as may serve the purpose of necessary information, and justify my assertions respecting it.

“ The month called July derives its name from Julius Cæsar, he having rendered the mode of computing the year more conformable to the apparent annual course of the sun; which caused his name to be given to the most delightful month in the year, in compliment to his abilities. Although he reformed the calendar very considerably from what it was in the time of the Greeks, yet, as his computation was made on the supposition that the sun performed his apparent annual revolution in exactly 365 days and 6 hours; which is contrary to the fact, as it is performed in 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 49 seconds; therefore, according to his computation, the civil year must have exceeded the solar by 11 minutes 11 seconds, which, in 130 years, amounted to one revolution of the earth on its axis; a space of time that altered the times of the Sun’s situation one whole day; which, in the course of 47,450 years, would have entirely changed the seasons, from the time they were first calculated for.

“ Notwithstanding this incorrectness in the Julian calendar, it was adopted by all the states of Europe, being considered at that period a perfect computation of time.

“ Julius Cæsar’s reformation of the calendar arose from his having imagined that the sun completed his apparent revolution in 365 days 6 hours; whereas, amongst the Greeks, it was computed to be performed in 354 days, which must have rendered their calendar very imperfect and embarrassing.

“ In order to allow for the odd six hours in each year, Julius Cæsar introduced an additional day every fourth year, and omitted the six hours in the three intervening years, making each of them to consist of only 365 days. He made the first Julian year to consist of 444 days, which caused great confusion: his motive for this was, to allow for the 90 days which had been lost by the former mode of computation. In order that



that the courses of the moon might agree with the seasons in his calendar, he divided some of the months into a greater number of days than others.

"The first who began to discover the imperfection of the Julian calendar, were Bede, Sacro Bosco, and Roger Bacon. Perceiving that the true equinox preceded the civil, they set about rectifying this error; and, having found the cause of it, they calculated what must have been the difference from the time that the vernal equinox was fixed by the council of Nice, in the year 325, and they found that it had differed, from that time to the year 1582, about ten days.

"Although these great men discovered this error, yet it was not reformed by them, this being effected by Aloisius Lilius; as, in the very year those had made the discovery, Pope Gregory XIII. had the old calendar abrogated and the new one established, under the appellation of the Gregorian account, or New Stile, which is the one now in use in most parts of Europe.

"The first step that was taken to render the circumstances attending the sun's apparent motion conformable to calculation, was, lopping off those ten days which had been gained, and which had displaced the equinoxes, so as to bring them to correspond nearly with the 21<sup>st</sup> of March and the 22<sup>d</sup> of September. A similar alteration in the calendar was made by the parliament of England in the year 1752, when the difference had amounted to eleven days, which eleven days were taken from the month of September; and then, by calling the 3<sup>d</sup> of September the 14<sup>th</sup>, they brought the autumnal equinox to the proper place, which it was in at the time the council was held in 1752. In order to retain the equinoxes in their proper situation, it was ordered that three days every 400 years, should be omitted, in the following manner:—the years 1800 and 1900, which should have been leap-years, were to be computed as common years, containing only 365 days each; that the year 2000, and every fourth hundred year after that, should be a leap-year, containing 366 days, the intermediate hundreds being only common years: and, by this judicious arrangement, our reckoning will not vary a whole day from the true time in less than eight or ten thousand years; a difference so small, as not to be at all material.

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"Our times and seasons now correspond with those settled by the first Christian council, in the time of Constantine the Great, when the festivals of the church were fixed by his order, in the year of our Lord 325.

"Having explained the calendar sufficiently for my purpose, those who wish for a farther elucidation of the subject, or mathematical definition of it, I beg leave to refer to that useful oracle, the Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary of Dr. Charles Hutton.

"The first seven letters of the alphabet (A, B, C, D, E, F, G) are set to the days of every week, and repeated over and over again from the beginning to the end of the year, viz. A to the 1st day of the year, B to the 2d, C to the 3d, and so on till G on the 7th; then, over again, A to the 8th day, B to the 9th, &c. So that the same letter falls upon the same day of every week in the year; and the letter which falls on the first Sunday, and every other Sunday after, in the same year, is called the Dominical or the Sunday letter for that year. But as the 365 days of an ordinary year contain one day over the exact 52 weeks, the Sunday letters will fall back one place every year; so that if the Sunday-letter be G for some year, it will be F the year after that, and E the second year after, &c.

"As the intercalary day introduced into the calendar by Julius Cæsar, and which still continues in use, being allowed for in February of the leap-year, might otherwise have caused some confusion, these first seven letters of the alphabet are used in the following manner: the 28th and 29th of February in the Bissextile have but one letter assigned them, so that the following Sunday goes back a letter, and so on for the rest of the year. As thus—

"Suppose the dominical letter in leap-year to be C: then, after the 29th of February, the Sunday-letter will be B; and, if in leap-year the 1st of January be on a Friday, the first Sunday will be on the 3d of January, therefore the dominical letter will be C; and the first Sunday, the year after, falling on the 1st of January, the Sunday-letter will be A. In a common year, all the Sundays in it have the same letter; but, in leap-year, the additional day displaces the letters; therefore, if the first day in a common year fall on a Sunday, the next year it will happen on a Monday, and the next on a Tuesday,

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Tuesday, and so on; and, to prevent all the letters being displaced in a leap-year, the Sunday-letter alone is altered.

"Having mentioned the circumstance which occasioned one of the months to be named after Julius Cæsar; in justice to the abilities of Augustus, I cannot refrain from mentioning the circumstance which procured for him the like distinction, which was, his having ascertained the several elevations of the sun above the horizon at different times of the year.— This he effected by means of the shadow of an obelisk 111 feet high, which he caused to be erected in the Field of Mars, for the purpose of this observation.

"Ptolemy's astronomy, though founded on an erroneous system, served to give the observers of that age an idea of the apparent course of the heavenly bodies, as also to foretel natural events, and to bring geography to certain rules.

"After the death of Ptolemy, speculative astronomy again began to decline, and at last was totally laid aside.

"Historians inform us, that, in the first ages of Christianity, the most learned Christians were wholly occupied in the important mission of instructing nations in the revealed religion, and in repelling innovators; which, added to the frequent changes of rulers, laws, and language, kept nations in a tumult unfavourable to science: that, about the middle ages, the knowledge of our globe, history and eloquence were neglected; and that part alone of philosophy, which belonged to logic and metaphysics, was in vogue: that, negligent of the graces of elocution, they became rude in their manners and speech, and that their arguments were calculated rather to disgust and perplex than to convince. The latter of these assertions we may easily conceive must have been the consequence of the former, as, by experience, we know, that to confute without politeness and gentleness is not the way to make our tenets respected or adopted.

"It is said that these supercilious Arabian philosophers were shunned by all the world, and were considered as a public nuisance; as the doctrines they taught tended not to the service of either God or man, being subversive of all harmony and civilization.

"Philosophy thus transformed, and stripped of all her fine embellishments, was rescued from total degradation in 1214, by some very few learned men, particularly by Roger Bacon,

our countryman, who, about that time, restored it to its native importance, clothing it with all that could render it lovely and respectable; so that it became an object of public esteem and suffrage.

"In this century the Emperor Frederic the Second caused Ptolemy's construction of the universe to be translated from the Arabian into Latin.

"In the year 1270, Alphonso, king of Castile, employed several learned men in the business of reforming astronomy; and became himself an able astronomer. Charles, surnamed the Wise, gave great encouragement to this science. Copernicus, in the 15th century, re-established the ancient Pythagorean system, which admitted that the earth might move round the sun, by which the constitution of the heavens was again brought to natural and certain principles.

"It was Galileo who chiefly introduced telescopes into the use of astronomy, in the year 1610, and by that means discovered the satellites of Jupiter, the phases of Saturn, the mountains of the moon, the spots on the sun, and the revolution of the latter on his axis; discoveries which opened a wide field of inquiry and speculation.

"The immortal Newton was the first who demonstrated, from physical considerations, the laws that regulate all the motions of the heavenly bodies, as well as of our earth, which set bounds to the planets' orbits, and determine their greatest excursions from, and nearest approach to the sun, their grand vivifying principle.

"He taught the cause of that constant and regular proportion observed by both primary and secondary planets, in their circulation round their central bodies, and their distances compared with their periods: he also introduced a new theory of the moon, which accurately answers to all her irregularities, and accounts for them.

"Doctor Halley favoured us with the astronomy of comets, and, as I before mentioned, with a catalogue of the stars, together with astronomical tables.

"Mr. Flamsteed, after observing the motions of all the stars for upwards of forty years, gave some curious information on that subject, with a large catalogue of them.

"Lastly, Dr. Herschel, whose opinion of the construction of the universe I shall give in the course of these lectures, has

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very judiciously extended this field of science, and has discovered another planet belonging to our system. This gentleman's application to the science, and the liberal manner in which he has transmitted his observations, deserve great commendation.

"I trust this short sketch of the origin and progress of astronomy, and of the advantages it has procured for us, has not been unpleasing or useless, as the human mind must always feel satisfaction in tracing such things from their source to their utmost range; and no doubt but the important inferences, deducible from this epitome of ancient knowledge, must tend to enlarge the minds of those who have not been previously acquainted with these circumstances.

"To preclude criticism, I must beg the historian to observe, that I did not think it necessary to my plan to introduce any thing of those times in which this science was not cultivated or improved; as to have related all the false systems that prevailed at different times, would have afforded but a mortifying retrospect, not tending to promote my grand design, in recording the speculations and works of past ages, which was, to excite in my dear pupils a spirit of inquiry from the instances I produced of the advantages resulting from investigation; which rule of selection has occasioned that want of connection necessary in writing the history of past ages, but not, I presume, in relating the history of the rise and advancement of astronomical knowledge, as it must necessarily have included matter foreign to the subject of these lectures."

An elegant engraving of Mrs. Bryan, and her two children, forms the frontispiece; and this ingenious *female* astronomer informs the public that she receives young ladies, for the purpose of education, at Bryan House, Blackheath. We wish her every possible success in her laudable undertaking. It is greatly to the praise of the fair sex, that they are in the present age so disposed to improve their minds—they may rest assured that intellectual improvement in conjunction with moral excellence, forms the truest and most permanent basis of their respectability.

*Travels in the Interior of Africa; in the Years 1795, 1796, and 1797. By Mungo Park. Abridged from the Original Work. Crosby and Letterman.*

**A**FRICA, the most barbarous and uncivilised part of the globe, is become the subject of enquiry, and by far the greatest part of it still remains unknown. The dangers attendant on its examination must at least, for the present, preclude any considerable acquaintance with it; but the time may come when it may be equally known with the other quarters of the globe.

From this narrative it appears that Mr. Park has, with incredible labour and perseverance penetrated into this barbarous country, observed their customs and manners, and, after subjecting himself to a variety of dangers, has returned to England. His peregrinations are here detailed, and afford no small amusement.

The second chapter conveys much curious information, and shall be inserted in its entire form; it will enable the reader to form a just opinion of the remaining part of the work.

“Description of the Feloops, the Jaloffs, the Foulahs, and Mandingoes—Account of the Trade between the Nations of Europe and the Natives of Africa, by the way of the Gambia; and between the native Inhabitants of the Coast and the Natives of the Interior Countries—Their Mode of Selling, Buying, &c.

“The natives of the country bordering on the Gambia, though distributed into many distinct governments, may be divided into four great classes. The Feloops, the Jaloffs, the Foulahs, and the Mandingoes. Among all these nations, the religion of Mahomet has made, and continues to make, considerable progress; but the body of the people still maintain the blind, but inoffensive, superstition of their ancestors, and are still styled by the Mahometans, Kafirs, or Infidels.

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"The Feloops are of a gloomy disposition, and are supposed never to forgive an injury: they are even said to transmit their quarrels as deadly feuds to their posterity; so that a son views it as incumbent upon him to revenge his deceased father's wrongs. If a man loses his life in one of those quarrels, which continually happen at their feasts, his son endeavours to procure his father's sandals, which he wears once a year at the anniversary of his father's death, until a fit opportunity occurs of revenging his fate, by sacrificing the object of his resentment. This fierce and cruel temper is, notwithstanding, counterbalanced by many good qualities. They possess gratitude and affection to their benefactors, and are singular in their fidelity in every trust committed to them.

"During the present war, they have more than once taken up arms to defend our merchant's vessels from French privateers; and English property, to a considerable amount, has been left at Vintain, entirely under the care of the Feloops; who have manifested, on such occasions, the most scrupulous honour and punctuality. How greatly is it to be wished, that the minds of a people, so determined and faithful, should be softened and civilized by the mild and benevolent spirit of Christianity!

"The Jaloffs are an active, powerful, and warlike people; inheriting great part of the tract which lies between the river Senegal and the Mandingo states on the Gambia: yet they differ from the Mandingoes, not only in language, but likewise in complexion and features. The noses of the Jaloffs are not so much depressed, nor the lips so protuberant as among the generality of Africans; and, although their skin is of the deepest black, they are considered by the white traders as the handsomest negroes in this part of the continent. They are divided into several independent states or kingdoms, which are frequently at war, either with their neighbours or with each other. In their manners, superstitions, and form of government, they have a great resemblance to the Mandingoes; but excel them in their manufactures. Their language is copious and significant. The Foolahs, such of them as reside near the Gambia, are chiefly of a tawny complexion, with soft silky hair, and pleasing features. They are much attached to a pastoral life, and have introduced themselves into all the kingdoms on the windward coast as herdsmen and husbandmen,

paying a tribute to the sovereign of the country for the lands which they hold. The Mandingoes constitute the bulk of the inhabitants of most of the districts of the interior of Africa. Their language is universally understood, and very generally spoken. They are called Mandingoes, having originally emigrated from the interior state of Manding; but, contrary to the present constitution of their parent-country, which is republican, the government in all the Mandingo states, near the Gambia, is monarchical.

"The power of the sovereign is, however, by no means unlimited. In all affairs of importance, an assembly of the principal men or elders, is called, by whose councils the king is directed, and without whose advice he can neither declare war, nor conclude peace. In every considerable town there is a chief magistrate, called the Alkaid, whose office is hereditary, and whose business it is to preserve order, to levy duties upon travellers, and to preside at the administration of justice.

"The negroes have no written language: their general rule of decision is, an appeal to ancient custom; but, since the system of Mahomet has made so great a progress among them, the Koran converts have introduced many of the civil institutions of the prophet; and where the Koran is not found sufficiently explicit, reference is made to a commentary, called *Alfharra*, containing a complete digest of the laws of Mahomet, civil and criminal. This appeal to written laws has given rise in Africa to professional advocates or expounders of the law, who are allowed to appear and plead for the plaintiff and defendant, nearly the same as in the courts of Great Britain. There are Mahometan negroes, who affect to have made the laws of their prophet their especial study; and in the arts of perplexing and confounding a cause, they are not surpassed by the ablest pleaders in Europe. At Pisania a cause was tried, which furnished the Mahometan lawyers with a fine opportunity of displaying their talents. An *afs*, belonging to a Serawoolli negro, (a native of an interior country near the river Senegal,) had broke into a field of corn belonging to one of the Mandingo inhabitants, and destroyed great part of it. The Mandingo having caught the animal in his field, immediately drew his knife and cut its throat. The Serawoolli thereupon called a palaver, similar to bringing an action in Europe, to recover damages for the loss of his beast on which

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he set a high value. The defendant confessed he had killed the ass, but pleaded a set off, insisting that the loss he had sustained in his corn, was equal to the sum demanded for the animal. To ascertain this fact was the point at issue, and the learned advocates contrived to puzzle the cause in such a manner, that, after a hearing of three days, the court broke up without coming to any determination upon it.

"The Mandingoes are of a mild, sociable, and obliging disposition. The men are commonly above the middle size, well shaped, strong, and capable of enduring great labour; the women are good natured, sprightly, and agreeable. The dress of both sexes is comprised of cotton cloth of their own manufacture: that of the men is a loose frock, not unlike a surplice, with drawers which reach down half the legs; they wear sandals on their feet and white cotton caps on their heads. The womens' dress consists of two pieces of cloth, each of which is about six feet long and three broad; one of these they wrap round the waist, which, hanging down to the ancles, answers the purpose of a petticoat; the other is thrown negligently over the bosom and shoulders. The head dress of the African women, is diversified in different countries. Near the Gambia, the females wear a sort of bandage, consisting of a narrow stripe of cotton cloth, wrapped many times round immediately over the forehead. In Bondou, the head is encircled with strings of white beads, and a small plate of gold is worn in the middle of the forehead. In Kaffon, the ladies decorate their heads in a very tasteful manner, with white sea-shells. In Kaarta and Ludemar, the women raise their hair to a great height by the addition of a pad, (as the ladies did formerly in Great Britain,) which they decorate with a species of coral, brought from the Red Sea, by the pilgrims returning from Mecca, and sold at a great price. In the construction of their dwelling-houses, the Mandingoes also conform to the general practice of the African nations on this part of the continent, contenting themselves with small and incommodious hovels. A circular mud wall, about four feet high, above which is placed a conical roof, composed of the bamboo cane, and thatched with grass, forms alike the palace of the king and the hovel of the slave. Their household furniture is equally simple, a hurdle of canes placed upon upright stakes, about two feet from the ground, upon which is spread a mat or bullock's

lock's hide, constitutes their bed; a water jar, some earthen pots for dressing food, a few wooden bowls and calabashes, with one or two low stools, compose the rest of the furniture. The Africans practice polygamy, and to prevent matrimonial disputes, each of the ladies is accommodated with a hut to herself, and all the huts belonging to the same family, are surrounded with a fence, constructed of bamboo canes, split and formed into a sort of wicker work. The whole inclosure is called a surk; a number of these inclosures, with passages between them, form what is called a town; but the huts are generally placed without regularity, according to the caprice of the owner; the only rule attended to, is placing the door towards the south-west, in order to admit the sea breeze. In each town is a large stage, called the Bantang, which answers the purpose of a town-house; it is composed of interwoven canes, and is generally sheltered from the sun by being erected in the shade of some large tree. It is here, that public affairs are conducted and trials held; here also the lazy and indolent meet to smoke their pipes and hear the news of the day. In most of the towns the Mahometans have a mosque, in which they celebrate public worship. These observations respecting the natives, apply chiefly to persons of free condition, who constitute not more than a fourth part of the inhabitants: the other three fourths are in a state of hopeless and hereditary slavery; and are employed in cultivating the land, in the care of cattle, and in servile offices of all kinds, much in the same manner as the slaves in the East Indies. The Mandingo master cannot, however, deprive his slave of life, nor sell him to a stranger, without first calling a palaver on his conduct, or bringing him to a public trial. Captives taken in war, and those condemned to slavery for crimes or insolvency, have no security whatever, but may be treated and disposed of in all respects as the owner thinks proper. It sometimes happens, when no ships are on the coast, that a humane and considerate master incorporates his purchased slaves among his servants, and their offspring becomes entitled to all the privileges of natives. The earliest European establishment on the river Gambia was a factory of Portuguese. The Dutch, French, and English, afterwards possessed themselves successively of the coast; but the trade of the Gambia became, and for many years continued, exclusively in the hands of the English. The trade

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trade with Europe, by being afterwards laid open, was nearly annihilated: the share which the English now have in it, supports not more than two or three annual ships; and the gross value of British exports is under 20,000*l*. The French and Danes still maintain a small share; and the Americans have lately sent a few vessels to the Gambia, by way of experiment. The commodities exported to the Gambia from Europe, consist of fire-arms and ammunition, iron wares, spirituous liquors, tobacco, cotton caps, a small quantity of broad cloth, a few articles of the Manchester manufactures, a small assortment of India goods, with some glass beads, amber, and other trifles; for which are taken in exchange slaves, gold-dust, ivory, bee's-wax, and hides. Slaves are the chief articles, but the whole number which are annually exported from the Gambia by all nations, is supposed to be under one thousand. Most of these wretched victims are brought to the coast in caravans, many of them from very remote inland countries; on their arrival at the coast, they are distributed among the neighbouring villages, until a slave-ship arrives, or until they can be sold to black traders; in the mean time, the wretches are kept constantly fettered two and two, being chained together, and employed in the labours of the field, scantily fed and very harshly treated. The price of a slave varies according to the number of purchasers; in general, a young and healthy male, from sixteen to twenty-five years of age, may be estimated on the spot from eighteen to twenty pounds.

“The negro slave merchants are called *Slatees*, who, besides slaves and the merchandize they bring with them, supply the inhabitants with native iron, sweet smelling gums and frankincense, and a commodity called *TREE-BUTTER*. This is an extraction from the kernel of a nut, which has the consistence and appearance of butter; it forms an important article in the food of the natives, and is used for every domestic service; the demand for it is very great. In payment of these articles, the maritime states supply the interior countries with salt, a scarce and valuable commodity; considerable quantities of this valuable article are also supplied to the inland natives by the Moors, who obtain it from the salt-pits in the great desert, and receive in return corn, cotton-cloth, and slaves. In this kind of exchange the natives of the interior make use of small shells called *kowries*. In their early intercourse with Euro-  
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beans, the article that most attracted the notice of the natives was iron; its utility in forming instruments of war and husbandry, made it preferable to all others, and iron soon became the measure by which the value of all other commodities was to be ascertained. Thus a certain quantity of goods of whatever quality, constituted a bar of that particular merchandize. For instance, twenty leaves of tobacco were considered as a bar of tobacco; and a gallon of spirits, as a bar of rum; a bar of one commodity being reckoned equal in value to a bar of another commodity; but, at present, the current value of a single bar of any kind, is fixed by the whites at two shillings sterling. In this commerce, the European has considerable advantages over the African, whom, therefore, it is difficult to satisfy; so that a bargain is never considered by the European as concluded, until the purchase money is paid, and the party has taken leave."

We have not perused the original work, and, therefore, cannot speak decisively of the merits of this abridgment; but it possesses every mark of being executed with care and attention.

With respect to Mr. *Park*, too much cannot be said in behalf of his laudable curiosity. The fatigues he endured, and the perils he braved, are the subject of our admiration, and entitle him to the best thanks of the civilized and enlightened part of mankind. By the investigations and researches of such travellers, we are easily put in possession of a store of information, which otherwise would not have been acquired. Whilst lolling in our elbow-chairs, we accompany the indefatigable pilgrim through foreign realms and distant regions—trembling at his disasters—rejoicing in his successes, and exulting with him in his return to his native country.

*Narrative of the Deportation to Cayenne, of Barthelemy, Pichegru, Willot, Marbois, La Rue, Ramel, &c. in consequence of the Revolution of the 18th Fructidor (September 4th, 1797) containing a variety of important Facts relative to that Revolution, and to the Voyage, Residence, and Escape of Barthelemy, Pichegru, &c. From the French of General Ramel, Commandant of the Legislative Body Guard. Wright. 4s.*

THIS is a most curious pamphlet, nor have we of late read any thing which so completely excited and gratified our curiosity. The narrative exhibits the vilest despotism and the most refined cruelty towards these unhappy persons. It was the evident intention of the French government that they should never again revisit their native country. In such a case the guillotine would have been an instrument of mercy. These outrages also, were committed in the name of LIBERTY!! To send away *sixteen* members of the Convention, without trial, without examination; and to subject them to all the aggravated insults attendant on transportation, is a deed which (though *necessity*, the devil's plea, will be urged for it) we consign over to the execration of posterity.

Their escape is truly interesting, and shall be given in our next number. We shall only add, that the few who returned to Europe, were received here by the British government with a kindness which does honour to humanity.

*Anecdotes, Religious, Moral, and Entertaining, Alphabetically arranged, and interspersed with a variety of useful Observations. Selected by Charles Buck. Chapman.*

WE were amused by the contents of this work ; and though there be a few articles which might have been omitted, yet on the whole, this is a volume that may be read with satisfaction. It is impossible in a collection of miscellaneous topics to please every taste ; this should be recollected, and will serve to check any spirit of censure to which we may be inclined.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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To W. M. we are obliged for *Manual* and *Albert* ; also to *Civis* for his communications. But neither of their pieces can be immediately inserted. *Thoughts on Sympathy*, sent by J. C. shall have admittance, but the *Fragment* must be rejected.

*Gorthmund*, and other Poetical Pieces, must wait for insertion.

We shall be happy to hear from *Eleanor*, and are sorry her piece was mislaid. Her *Lines on Spring*, inserted in this Number, afford no unpleasing specimen of her talents for Poetry.

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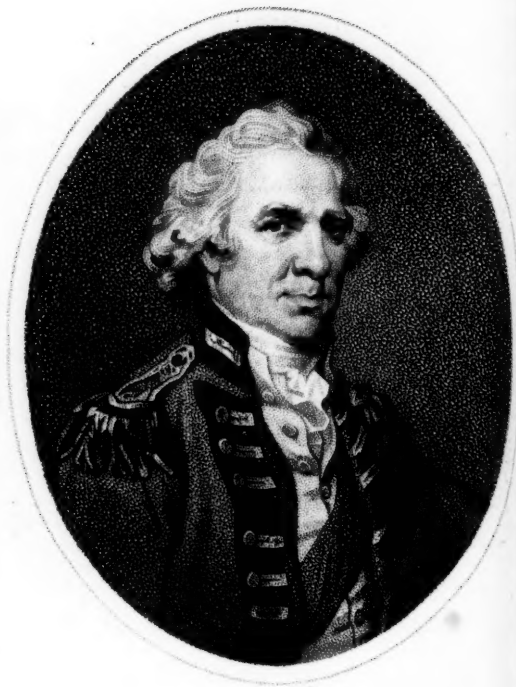
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*General. Mercrembie, R.*

*Published by H.D. Symonds, 20, Paternoster Row, Nov. 1. 1799.*

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